

How To Sell
Your Song In Nashville

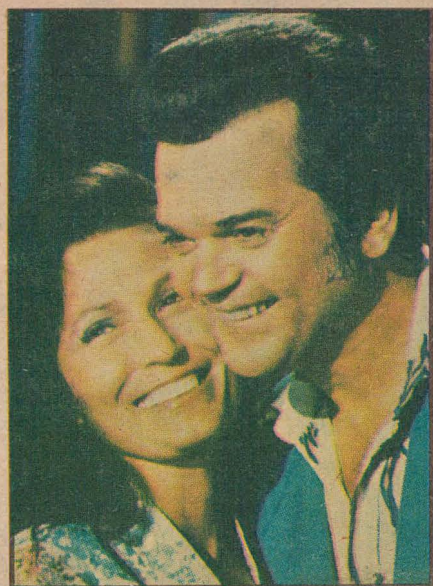
COUNTRY STYLE[®]

LORETTA LYNN
Her Private Pains
And Pleasure—A
Candid Interview

The Amazing Revival
Of Gospel Music

HANK WILLIAMS JR.
Not Exactly Following
In His Dad's Footsteps

CRYSTAL GAYLE
Clearly A Bright
New Superstar



Loretta & Conway
The King & Queen
Of Country Music

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



*After all, if smoking isn't
a pleasure, why bother?*

Box: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine;
Kings: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar",
1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

And To Start Things Rolling...

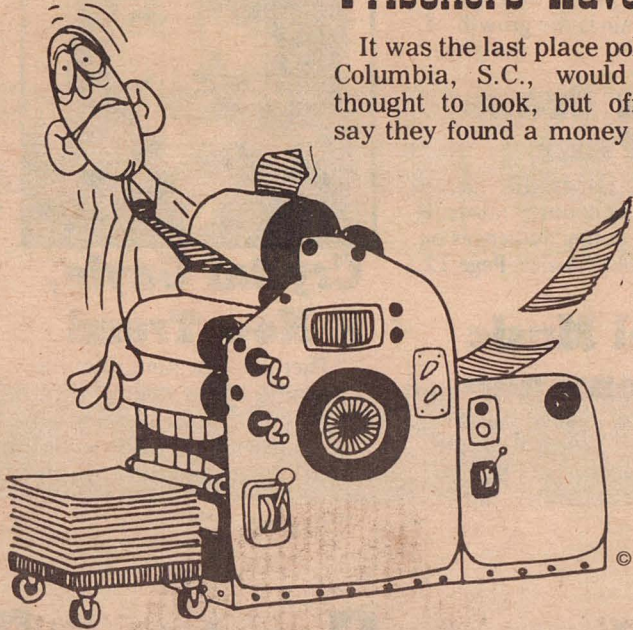
Alternatives To Coffee

Relief from the coffee crisis comes to us from Rogers Whitener, professor of English at Appalachian State University in Boone, N.C., who in a recent column of "Folk Ways and Folk Speech," reminds us of two tasty alternatives. "Depression Coffee" or "Hoover Coffee," a favorite moneysaver in the 1930s, is made of one pound of barley, one-fourth pound of chicory and one-half pound of corn, mixed, roasted, ground and brewed. "Pore Folks Coffee" calls for a hatful of hulled, mashed chinkapins (a wild nut) roasted with a double handful of wheat or barley, then pounded with a handful of parched corn and some honey or molasses, all put into a pot of clear branch water and strained "through your teeth." Drink up.



Prisoners Have 'Artistic' Touch

It was the last place police in Columbia, S.C., would have thought to look, but officials say they found a money order



counterfeiting ring operating out of the state prison. About a dozen "artists" confined at Kirkland Correctional Institution had been at the forgery for a year and a half, prison officials said recently. Two of the men are believed to be actual counterfeiters and another is known as a "master forger." A spokesman said the scheme involved altering \$1 money orders to read \$91 and \$101. The money orders were brought in by visitors, altered and used to buy goods by mail. Those goods were delivered to addresses outside the prison, then brought in by visitors. No charges have been filed.

Some Stubborn Support For Mule Racing

Parimutuel mule betting? That's what the 3,700 folks in the Nevada border town of Bishop, Calif., are proposing in the state legislature. Bishop each year hosts a Mule Day Celebration on Memorial Day, an event that regularly brings up to 40,000 spectators to the Sierra hamlet. The idea of wagering on mules came last year when one of the furry offspring of a male donkey and female horse whipped a field of horses in the cross-country Great American Horse Race. "Mule racing is pretty exciting in that it is a little unpredictable," says promoter Robert Tanner.

Assemblyman Larry Chimbole (D-Palmdale), parimutuel mule racing for five years beginning in 1978.



JANUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

Energy Saver

It was bound to happen, what with the worst winter on record depleting fuel supplies... a state representative in Ohio offered a bill recently which would abolish January and February in the Buckeye State and divide the 59 days among June, July and August to save energy. "This bill makes as much sense as many others relating to the energy crisis and is as constructive as many of the laws enacted by the General Assembly and Congress," said John Galbraith. The representative, with tongue firmly in cheek, urged that Ohio cut its energy needs by one-third by "eliminating the coldest days of the year and increasing the number of warm summer days." But what about Valentine's Day?

FEBRUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28				

Eye Opening Lecture

Prof. Richard Eakin assumes a lot about the great men of science — like their style of dress, accents and even their methods. And his University of California, Berkeley, zoology students, and their friends pack his classroom to listen to lectures by The Greats. Because Prof. Eakin is a master at impersonating the men who contributed to science. He might give his Charles Darwin routine one day, a Louis Pasteur another and on still another offer his Gregor Mendel, complete with monk's cassock and hood. As Mendel, Eakin chomps a cigar, speaks with a German accent and showers the few sleeping students with peas. That's showbiz!



Watered Down

An unusually large number of volunteer firefighters rallied to save a Union Pacific freight car ablaze near Baker, Ore., recently. Sparks from sticky brake linings ignited the wooden floor of the boxcar, sending the shipment of gin, whisky and other alcoholic beverages up in flame. Residents noted that the area reeked of, uh, firewater long after the spirited attempt to save the cargo was over.



One Man Band

Fatboy Johnson was in his cups, so to speak, when he chanced upon his shot at immortality. It was a cup full of beer, specifically, and the writing on the side told of a man who held the Guinness record for playing as a one man band nonstop for 16 hours. Well, Johnson, 29, proclaimed to all that night in Prufrock's pub in downtown Houston, Texas, that he could beat it, and the next morning folks reminded him of the boast.

It was 7:05 a.m. that Fatboy started in at the club, mixing classical, rock, jazz and whatever on a combination of guitar, banjo, piano, kazoo, harmonica, drums and cymbals.

He quit 18 hours and two minutes later, the new world record holder. Where are you now, Joe Littlefield of Salem, Ore.? How soon we forget.

Inside COUNTRYSTYLE

Webb Pierce Controversy

First it was 75 buses a day during peak season, streaming to his door. Next, he constructed a bus ramp that "makes his house look like a Holiday Inn."

Webb Pierce, in pleasing his fans, has ticked off his neighbors. Page 7.

Hollywood Beckons For Elvis

The phenomenal career of Elvis Presley has now spanned two decades. In the second part of a series on "The King," Ed Sullivan and Hollywood beckon for the new superstar. Page 8.

Dominoes Go Big In Texas

Like most everything else in the state, dominoes are big in Texas. An article on Page 10 examines the growth of the game.

Harris Draws New Fans

Emmylou Harris, the clearest new voice in country music, is turning young audiences on to the old classics. Page 12.

Gospel Music Phenomenon

Gospel music has become big business. Why? Well, the answers appear on Page 33.



Interview With Loretta Lynn

A lot has happened to Loretta Lynn—good and bad—since she wrote "Coal Miner's Daughter," a 1976 bestseller. Her revealing interview starts on Page 23.

How To Sell Your Song

So you've got this great country song that you've written and are sure it would be a hit if only you can get to the right person to get it recorded? The article on Page 28 shows the serious songwriter how to break into the Nashville establishment.

Crystal Gayle, A New Trend

There's a new kind of music growing in the country field. And it's quietly being led by singer Crystal Gayle. See what it's all about on Page 36.



EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Vince Sorren

MANAGING EDITOR
Ray Bachar

ASST. MANAGING EDITOR/
LAYOUT EDITOR
Mike Ryan

STAFF WRITERS
Jim Neff and Jay MacDonald,
Chicago;
Mike Kosser and Lou Wright,
Nashville;

John Moulder,
Austin;

Bill Hendricks,
Dallas-Ft. Worth

Nashville (615) 254-9494
Chicago (312) 455-7178

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
John Sturman

ADVERTISING MANAGER
Kristine Kringlee Hoefler

ADVERTISING SALES
REPRESENTATIVES

(Chicago)

312-467-6240

Jim Morrow
Phil Holmes

(New York)

Target Media Co.
212-697-4339
Bob D'Ambrosio

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR
Jeff Harvey

ASST. CIRCULATION DIR.
Narda Rothermel

(Canada) CIRCULATION
DIRECTOR
George Zahalan

Audit Bureau of Circulations
membership applied for

Copyright 1977 & published bi-weekly by CountryStyle Publication Co., Inc., 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131. All Rights Reserved. Mail Subscriptions \$17 for 26 issues in U.S., \$19 in Canada, \$39 for foreign addresses. Second Class Postage Paid at Franklin Park, Ill. Distributed nationally by Aladdin Distributing Corp. Permission hereby granted to quote from this issue of this magazine on radio or television provided a total of not more than 1,000 words is quoted and credit is given to the title of this magazine and issue, as well as the statement, copyright 1977 by CountryStyle Publication Co., Inc.

Country Market

Putting A Stereo System Together

Hi-fi writer Bob Serata has sold and worked with all kinds of audio equipment. In his exclusive column for CountryStyle, he'll tell you how to get the best buy and have the most fun with what you get. This is the fifth in a series.

By BOB SERATA

A few weeks ago I was sitting with some hi-fi salesmen, discussing the question: what's the most difficult thing about putting a system together? The answer finally came down to an often forgotten point—the most difficult thing for the average consumer is deciding how much to spend on a system ... then sticking to that figure.

Most people who make rotten hi-fi purchases do so because they have no idea how much to spend, let alone what to spend it on. A lot of the pricing hanky-panky that goes on in the stores is a result of the consumer not knowing what he can get for his money. So this time

around, we'll put some actual systems together and examine both products and prices.

PRICING. For starters, we'll be working with so-called list prices. Practically speaking, these numbers have little to do with the ultimate price you pay for a system. They exist primarily to give the dealer (and you) a reference point.

HOW MUCH TO SPEND. There's always a controversy about how much to spend on a first hi-fi system.

CHART 1. Receivers

Manufacturer	Model No.	Price	FTC Power	THD	IHF Sensitivity
Harman Kardon	330C	\$220	20 watts/ch.	0.5%	1.8 uV
Hitachi	SR 302R	\$200	15 watts/ch.	0.8%	1.9 uV
Kenwood	KR-3600	\$250	22 watts/ch.	0.8%	2.3 uV
Nikko	3035	\$250	15 watts/ch.	0.8%	2.0 uV
Pioneer	SX-450	\$200	15 watts/ch.	0.5%	2.0 uV
Sony	STR-6036A	\$230	15 watts/ch.	0.8%	2.2 uV

Some folks say spend as little as possible; learn what you like; then upgrade. Others say buy a "sale" system to get started. Still others say you can't get worthwhile sound unless you have at least 250 RMS watts per channel, giant speakers, a perfect cartridge and an absolutely quiet, \$400 turntable system. There's just no pleasing some people.

I think there's a simpler, more realistic approach. It's the same approach used by anyone making a purchase that will last for years. In a nutshell, plan to make just one hi-fi purchase so spend as much as you possibly can up to about \$750 (purchase, not list price). Anything over that amount is sheer fluff. And if you do have that kind of money, just go out and have fun. Buy whatever you like, but remember the law of diminishing returns—as the price goes up and up and up, the real audible improvements become smaller and smaller.

Given today's state of the hi-fi art, you can expect a decent system to last 10 or 20 years. In the manufacturers' zeal to produce better products than the next guy, they have eliminated built-in obsolescence. You'll most

likely grow out of your present system long before it ever fails. And, if a component is going to fail, it will probably do so during the first few weeks of operation. And that's the time you're fully protected by warranties (limited though they are).

A replacement transistor now and then. Perhaps a realignment of the FM section. Dusting off the speakers. Replacing a worn stylus. That's about it. A good hi-fi system is a wonder of electronics. A garbage hi-fi system will probably outlast any car Detroit ever produced.

So expect to make just one serious purchase. Upgrading is loads of fun but expensive. And there's no such thing as an honest-to-goodness used hi-fi equipment market. Unless you hand it down to your kid brother, or sell it to a friend, the system you buy is yours just about forever.

I hope I've convinced you. Don't skimp. Don't say, "Well, I can get a better turntable in a few months." You won't like replacing your record collection. Buy one good system and you'll get everything you want for a

(Continued On Page 41)

CHART 2. Speakers

Manufacturer	Model No.	Price/pr.
Acoustic Research	AR-16	\$200 (vinyl covered)
Advent	3	\$100
Altec	One	\$178
B I C	Formula 1	\$150
Dynaco	A-25XL	\$210
EPI	60	\$140
Infinity	POS 11	\$200
JBL	L-26	\$336
KLH	331	\$150
Pioneer	Project 60	\$160

The Roller Coaster Career Of Johnny Paycheck

By MICHAEL KOSSER

In the mountains of western Maryland, a car is winding in and out of the hills, more or less following the spiral patterns of the road.

Behind the wheel is George Jones, country singing great. Next to him is Johnny Paycheck, a Jones disciple on the way to becoming a name himself, if he doesn't do himself in first. Right now he's more worried about Jones doing him in, for Jones thinks he is A.J. Foyt.

"We just jawed about his crazy driving and I was scared to death," recalls Paycheck. "And we got hotter and hotter at each other until he finally pulled that car over and said 'let's get out and settle it right now.'"

"Well, in those days I thought I was pretty tough so I stepped out of the car and stood there waiting for old George to come on out and fight."

Old George just grinned, tromped on the gas, and left Paycheck standing speechless in a cloud of dust in the middle of the hills of western Maryland.

Paycheck's found himself stranded in the middle of nowhere many times since he left his Ohio home at the age of 14 to become a country singer. "I've never had a straight job in my life," he says, not bragging but simply stating facts. "I've always either played music or I bummed."

At this writing he's in the midst of a fabulous record called "Slide Off Of Your Satin Sheets," but seven years ago he was fixing to slide off of the deep end, and he'd chosen L.A., land of the loonies, to do his sliding.

Fortunately, a couple of people still cared, even after he had slid out of sight.

"I don't remember all that much of what I was doing out there," he recalled. "Mainly I hung around honky-tonks, playing for drinks and surviving, and sleeping very little."

Meanwhile, back in Nashville, Epic producer Billy Sherrill had heard that Paycheck was now free from managerial encumbrances and remembered that he had always thought Paycheck one of the finest of country singers, so he sent a call for help through the vast network of the CBS recording empire. Answering the call was CBS' man in Denver at the time, Nick Hunter, who started a phone search of L.A. dives until he found his sinking old friend, Paycheck.

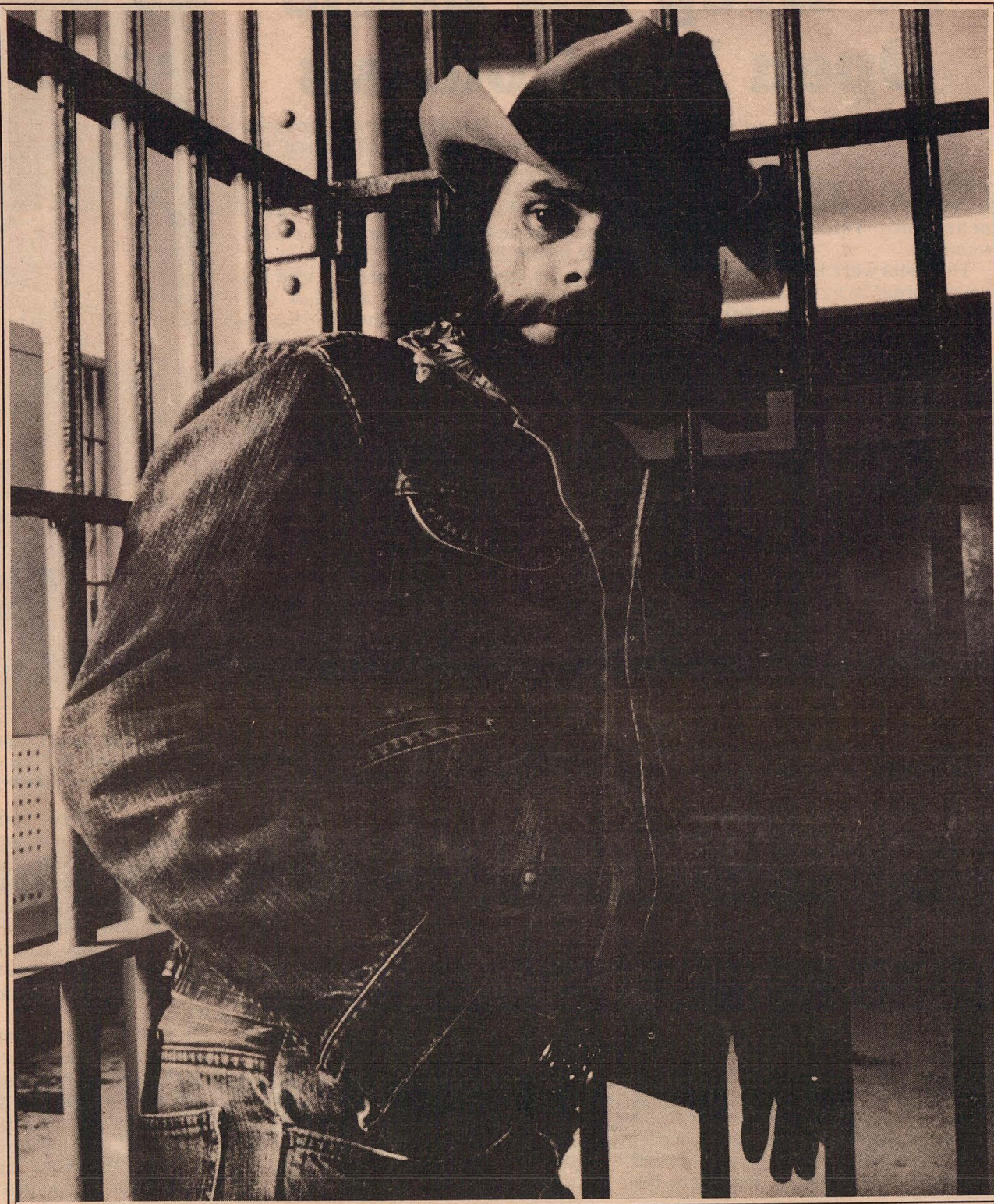
"Nick sent me a plane ticket to Denver, and when I got there he spent a couple of weeks drying me out, then brought me to Sherrill," Paycheck says.

At that point he'd been in the music business for almost 20 years, come close to stardom, been stoned a lot and had often been more trouble than he was worth.

"When I come into town I'd always find me a place to work. I think they liked me because I was a hard hittin' George Jones type," he says.

In 1965 Paycheck and a man named Aubry Mayhew formed Little Darlin' Records and put out some hits by Paycheck, including "Jukebox Charlie," and "Lovin' Machine," which went to No. 2 on the national charts. Then the label folded and a disappointed Johnny Paycheck headed for L.A. to get lost.

It was four years after the demise of Little Darlin' that Sherrill began the resurrection of



"I tried to clean up my debts and live like a recording artist but I found I couldn't do both," Johnny Paycheck says of his financial problems.

Paycheck, and their first record together, "Don't Take Her She's All I Got," was a No. 1 record on the country charts.

"Sherrill is really the one who brought me to my own being," he insists. "The first time we were in the studio together he told me, 'Don't lose the feeling, but don't give them too much. Basically just sing 'em the song, tell 'em the story, and maybe really give it to them three, four times.' He knew more about my singing than I did."

Paycheck had a string of hits that gradually declined to also-rans and last year Paycheck found himself so heavily in debt he had to file for bankruptcy.

"In 1971," he remembers, "I started out (his CBS recording career) further in debt than most. I tried to clean up my debts and live like a recording artist but I found I couldn't do both, so I had to file which I sure hated to do."

This year's a different story. His six-year-old

marriage recently produced a son, John Bojangles Paycheck, and "Slide Off Of Your Satin Sheets" has brought him back to where he belongs. "I'm doing some TV and movies, too," he says, pointing to his role in an episode of the "Nashville 99" TV series and his part in the forthcoming production of "Nashville Or Bust." Paycheck is sounding very settled and responsible. "I would like to become the No. 1 singer just once before I die," he says, "and I like acting, but mostly I want to be able to live nicely with my family."

Only 39 years old, his face is a road map of lines, a remnant of hard living throughout his wandering career in music.

"I still love the music as much as I always have," he says, "but my body is tired. I need more rest, so it can still be fun."

"You know, if I'm ever in it JUST for the dollar, I'll have to quit. I couldn't stand losing my love for the music."

Webb Pierce Battles To Keep His Estate Open For Tourists

By BOB BATTLE

Webb Pierce is confident that busloads of tourists once again will be flocking to his home in posh Oak Hills near the Tennessee governor's mansion.

The visits were blocked recently by a county order as a result of legal hassles Pierce has had with his neighbors after building a ramp for buses hauling tourists eager to see the entertainer and his guitar-shaped swimming pool. During peak times, this meant up to 100 buses a day. Pierce's appeal is scheduled for May 10.

"I think it (the ban) violates my constitutional rights," Pierce said. "My lawyer told me it definitely does. The tourists are what this town is built on. They come for miles to see these things. I don't think they should be disappointed."

Pierce, 45, has had 181 charted records (the second highest in country music history); 68 of them have been hits, including "In The Jailhouse Now" and "There Stands The Glass."

Meanwhile, hundreds of fans in their private cars still slip up to his house from another driveway to take pictures.

The famous tiff over construction of the bus ramp was with former neighbor and fellow entertainer Ray Stevens. A watchman for Stevens said he counted 8,000 tourists visiting Pierce's home during an eight-day period last summer.

John Conners, attorney for Oak Hill, said the tour buses used to snake their way through the winding streets in the posh neighborhood, creating "unbearable" traffic.

For the most part, complaints about the buses seemed to cease after Stevens sold the house across the street to singer Ronnie Milsap.

Pierce said Milsap's attitude toward the tourists has been, "The more the

merrier." But that's a far cry from the days when Stevens lived across the street.

Back then—when Stevens complained—Pierce would retort: "That's the price he has to pay for living across the street from a star."

In the meantime, Pierce has sold his Georgia radio stations, ice rinks and other business investments (for a reported \$3 million) in order to concentrate on his music career.

He says he wants to "do something bigger than I have ever done in music" and expects to headline summer symphonies, singing and playing with 50-piece orchestras. He hopes his new records climb to No. 1 on both pop and country charts.

"My musical career is doing real well," Pierce told *CountryStyle* magazine. "We've made a lot of progress. The disc jockeys are very conscious of the Webb Pierce records. You should see the many cards and letters we receive. It's great to be back in music once again."

His doing "something bigger" in music means teaming up with Broadway superstar Carol Channing for a different type of album—"C and W."

And to keep the past still alive, he issued Webb Pierce "Golden Hits, Volume I and II." The reception has been greater than he ever anticipated.

"It's fantastic," said his producer, Shelby Singleton.

Webb injected: "And you'll remember, Freddie Fender recently recorded my 'Don't Do It Darling,' which is probably the favorite of between 300 and 400 songs I have written through the years.

"My main thing right now is to put out records the public will love and buy. I think the public will accept me even bigger than before. And from the response I'm getting, I don't believe I'll have any trouble at all," he said. "If



Broadway star Carol Channing and country music star Webb Pierce cut an album together, entitled "C and W," on Plantation Records. Here they embrace each other during a reception at Pierce's Nashville mansion.

you listen closely, you can hear my music today.

"Take John Denver. He sounds just like me. Why, I was driving in the car one day and they played that song of his 'Back Home Again,' and I thought it was me. I knew it wasn't. The only reason I knew that was because I knew very well that I never recorded the song.

"I met that boy (Denver) about 10 years ago. He came backstage and told me he liked my songs and that he had a lot of my records. If I should see him, I'd never ask him if I 'taught' him how to sing."

It was 15 years ago that Webb Pierce—who at one point in his career

had two dozen No. 1 hits in a row—decided he wanted to be a business tycoon.

He invested \$12,500 in a small radio station in Georgia. Through the years, the station grew—and he purchased four more. As good investment property became available, he added it to his Southern empire.

"Now I've completed the cycle," Webb said. "It's great not to have any worries—except to keep your fans happy. I'm thankful for all the hits they've given me, and until I die I'll do my best to repay them."

Webb doesn't agree with a lot of today's music and he doesn't mean he plans to change his singing image.

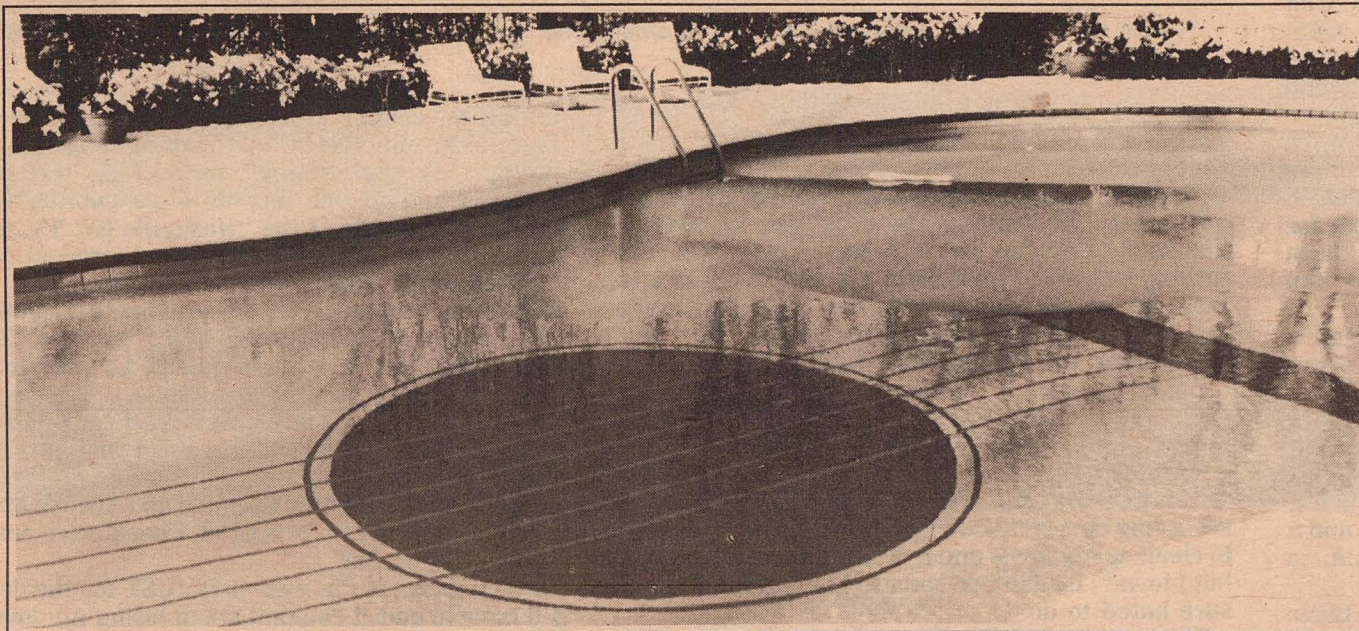
"Far from it. Frankly, I sing better today than I did back then."

Webb can never forget his road to "happiness unlimited." Those first few blocks were rough for the then applecheeked Louisiana farm boy who lost his father at the age of two months. Yet, as he traveled, he won fame in a highly competitive field—and didn't lose his friends in the rise.

When a fan wants an autograph, he puts his Webb Pierce on the dotted line. When an East Coast disc jockey calls to say he's flying in with a planeload of fans who want to see Nashville, he meets them at the airport ramp whenever possible. When his 500 or so fan letters arrive each week, he reads and responds to as many as possible.

It all follows the pattern he set many years ago while listening to such entertainers as Hank Williams in Louisiana. He decided, "If that's what they want, I can give it to them."

That's what he did, and it worked.



The famed guitar-shaped swimming pool on the Webb Pierce estate.



LYNN ANDERSON . . . well-liked on 'Starsky and Hutch'

Jerry Lee Lewis has been sticking to the down tempo country songs lately and it has upset some of his die-hard fans who want rock 'n' roll. During his yearly appearance on a London stage, Jerry Lee was booed by fans for singing mostly country tunes and one reviewer described it as "whole lot of snoring going on." Lewis apparently lost his appetite for R&R after his stage was stormed by fans in Manchester two days earlier. The next day the singer was involved in an airport fracas when he threw a briefcase at a photographer and pushed a reporter against a window, calling him a "damn liar." An aide said, "Jerry Lee doesn't like criticism. It puts him in a bad mood."

Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge are expecting an addition to their family in September....Singer Lois Johnson is in Nashville's Van-

Country Folk

Irate England Fans

Upset Jerry Lee Lewis

derbilt Hospital for an infection of the optic nerve. Doctors say that in cases like this there's always danger to eyesight....Did you know Mickey Gilley underwent open heart surgery 15 years ago?...Charlie Daniels and his band just completed scoring the motion picture "Whiskey Mountain."

Bill Anderson did a promotion for one of the radio stations he owns in Utah. Whisperin' Bill pumped free gas for anyone who came by with the station's window sticker on his vehicle. Traffic was stopped for blocks....Colleen Peterson won Canada's prestigious Juno Award for most promising female vocalist.

On their 13th anniversary in the music business, the Statler Brothers received good news. Their album, "The Best of the Statler Brothers," was certified gold, meaning one million in wholesale dollars....David Wills has been signed to United Artists.... Songwriters get inspired in weird ways. Marty Robbins was not recording or racing cars one day so he hopped on an airliner. "Best plane ride I ever had," he enthused. "And the stewardesses were beautiful and nobody lost my luggage, for once." On the plane, Robbins wrote "Allegheny Airlines." The company brass heard about it and asked him to attend a reception and sing it for 70 visiting marketing execs. "Don't get me wrong," Robbins said. "I'd rather drive a race car."

Ellie Dylan, Chicago WMAQ Radio's female country jock, is the most listened-to lady of the airwaves in the country. She is moving from her night spot to the afternoon slot, 3 p.m. to 8 p.m....Someone asked Chet Atkins if he reads music. "Yes," the old master replied, "but it doesn't hurt my pickin'."

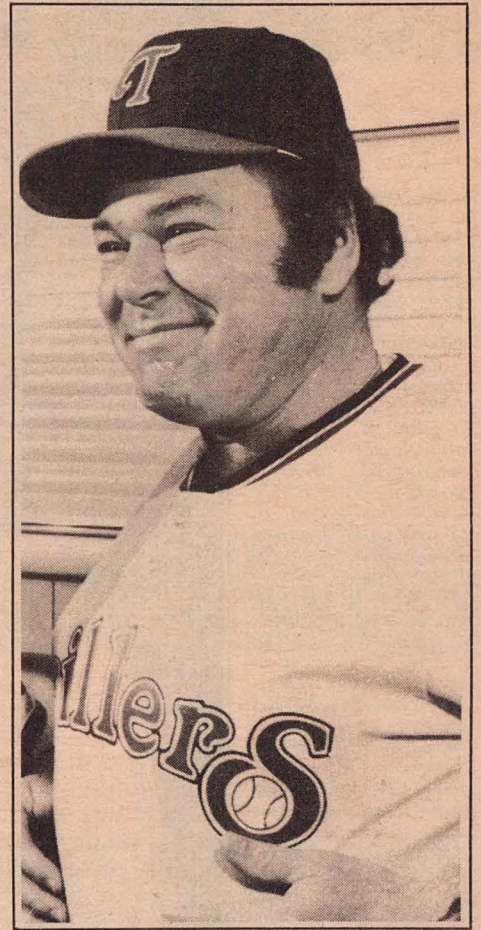
Roy Clark turned down a 1951 tryout with the old St. Louis Browns baseball team because he didn't have the money to get to training camp. Now he owns a big interest in the Tulsa Drillers of the Texas League....Country blues man Bukka White died in Memphis recently after suffering a long time as a result of stroke last year. His best known song was "Fixin' to Die" which was recorded by Bob Dylan on his first album....Lady Bird Johnson didn't have to stand in line to get tickets for the Elvis Presley show in Austin, Tex. Col. Tom Parker and Elvis himself linked up on a conference call to invite her.

Dallas' KAFM Radio ended its "progressive country" format and shifted to soft rock. Program director Chuck Dunaway took a few parting shots at the old format: "Progressive country is dead, it was hype all the way...we put out reams of hype, but it's dead and country music is back where it should be, at country stations. People had a lot of fun playing cowboy."

Actor Robert Redford, 39, took his campaign for environmental action to Tennessee and lined up Waylon Jennings, Mel Tillis, Charlie Rich, Marty Robbins, Merle Haggard and Tanya Tucker behind his cause. The meeting was at Billy Sherrill's home....Asleep At The Wheel's six and a half foot leader Ray Benson has a new tattoo—a Harley-Davidson logo with "The Wheel" written above. The band's new album is entitled "The Wheel."

Willie Nelson has kept his band intact for five years now, longer than most sought-after sidemen stay with one group. He does it with money. "Our band is now the highest paid country band in the world," proclaims Paul English, Nelson's drummer and road manager. Willie gets from \$15,000 to \$25,000 per concert. He has cut a new deal with the band so that English receives 20 per cent of performance fees, and the other five band members get 10 per cent each and Willie pockets the rest. "During the last five days I cleared \$6,000," English said.

Ernest Tubb is now a great grandfather....Pop singer Mary Macgregor was in Nashville recently and said she'd turn down a CMA award for her "Torn Between Two Lovers," a No. 1 country single. "If you paint one house, it doesn't make you a house painter," the singer points out. "I'm just glad the country stations are playing it."



ROY CLARK . . . Can a Driller pick?

For those who enjoyed Lynn Anderson on her March 12 appearance on "Starsky and Hutch" there's a bonus. She's been invited back for a second guest appearance....Bob Luman has completed his first album since his brush with death in 1976: "Bob Luman is Alive and Well," the result of his studio collaboration with Johnny Cash....Johnny Paycheck's Club in Nashville's Printer's Alley is set to open in June.



JERRY LEE LEWIS . . . criticism puts him in a bad mood



STATLER BROTHERS . . . certified gold

ELVIS

—Sullivan

Ed. Note: By now it's a familiar story—of how a dirt-poor Southern boy swiveled his way from back country quarter beer joints to superstardom; how a young singer with the profile of a Greek god, a lusty voice and animal sexuality was discovered by a one-time carnival barker and transformed from a "good ol' boy" into a national institution. In the process he acquired mind-boggling wealth and unprecedented fame, and he changed the course of music forevermore.

The phenomenal career of Elvis Presley—"The King"—now has spanned two decades. During that time he has influenced countless thousands of musicians, become an idol of epic proportions—and the dream lover of millions of women. But—despite the fame and fortune he now enjoys—he has never forgotten his country roots or a boyhood spent in a Tupelo, Miss., shack.

His music carries the stamp of his humble country origin, the country music he listened to, and the country stars he idolized as a boy in the 1930s and 1940s.

CountryStyle continues the dramatic story of Elvis' life, a story that graphically illustrates that "The King" even though he's sitting on top of the popular music world—is pure country. This is the second part in the series.



By JERRY HOPKINS

Bob Neal says Elvis couldn't stand to see an audience sit on its hands. "He threw everything into it, trying to break that audience down, trying to get it with him. He'd always react to audience reaction and in the rare instances when he'd be placed on the show early I always felt he kind of outdid himself, making it tough for the guy to follow. He was a very competitive showman. He was greatly anxious for success.

He chewed his fingernails, drummed his hands against his thighs, tapped his feet, and every chance he got he ran a comb through blond hair that, quoting Marion Keisker, "had so much goop in it, it looked dark."

It was when Elvis first appeared in Jacksonville, Fla., that he experienced his first "riot." It was here that teenagers tore his clothes off, shredded his pink shirt and white jacket, and ripped his shoes from his feet, actually putting Elvis himself in physical danger, although at the time he laughed it off.

Elvis was now being managed by Colonel Tom Parker, a shrewd businessman who piloted the

careers of Eddy Arnold and Hank Snow, two top country artists who recorded for RCA Victor. The Colonel felt Elvis' career was being stunted at Sun Records and began negotiations with several record companies to buy his contract. Mitch Miller was interested in Elvis. So was Atlantic Records. But in the end RCA was the only company who could afford to buy out his contract.

Sam Phillips flew to New York to hear RCA Victor's final offer: \$35,000 in cash for Elvis' contract (which had about a year to run) and rights to all his released and unreleased material—with another \$5,000 going to Elvis as a bonus for signing. In today's highly competitive record market \$40,000 isn't much, but in 1955 it was regarded as something decidedly larger than a king's ransom.

Elvis was back on the road with Scotty and Bill and D.J. and his buddies Red West and Bitsy Mott, still plugging away in the South, when it was announced that Elvis had been booked for a series of six Saturday night appearances (at \$1,250 apiece) on the Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey "Stage Show," a half-hour program produced by Jackie Gleason and carried by CBS-TV preceding Gleason's "Honeymooners" and opposite the first half of "The Perry Como Show."

Mail for the first Dorsey show far surpassed anything in the program's experience.

"Heartbreak Hotel" was released the same week.

Elvis was a national hit, but it appears he was one of the last to know. Says Scotty Moore: "We were working near every day. We'd pull into some town, go to the hotel room and get washed up or go right to the auditorium or movie house, and after we played our shows, we'd get back in the car and start driving to the next town. We never saw any newspapers. We didn't know we were getting big writeups. There was a lot of crowd reaction, but we'd been seeing that for a year. How were we to know? All we knew was drive, drive, drive."

During this same period Elvis went back into the studio, usually in New York, where RCA had its most modern facilities. It was there he recorded most of the material that went into his first album.

It was released in mid-March 1956, and went immediately into the 11 spot on "Billboard's" best-selling album chart.

In April Elvis went to Hollywood for a screen test at Paramount Studios, flying there at the invitation of Hal Wallis, a producer of films that ranged all over the creative map from "Casablanca" to the Martin and Lewis quickies. He had called the Colonel about the screen test after seeing Elvis on one of the Dorsey shows.

Wallis reviewed the test and offered the Colonel a three-film contract, the first to be made in the fall, possibly in early winter, depending upon how rapidly a script, director and supporting cast could be arranged. For his services, Elvis was to be paid \$100,000 and for subsequent films this figure was to be increased, to \$150,000 for the second and \$200,000 for the third.

His records continued to dominate the charts and his appearances caused hysteria.

In Amarillo, Texas, where Elvis had been interviewed by "Life," fans kicked through a plate glass door to offer him bits of underwear to autograph. In San Diego it was necessary to call out the Shore Patrol to bolster local police security.

On April 23, Elvis went into Las Vegas for two weeks at the Frontier Hotel. It was, in retrospect, a mistake; the middle-aged bunch that kept Las Vegas alive was not Elvis' crowd. Most entered the huge showroom hating Elvis. And no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get them off their hands. The Vegas booking seemed like a good idea a week earlier, but now it was a bomb.

Elvis still was visiting his old friends, stopping by at Sun—once joining Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash and Jerry Lee Lewis (all of whom were on the label then) in an impromptu gospel sing around the studio piano—or revisiting his teachers at Humes High. On one of these visits he performed at the annual talent show, the same show he had sung at during his senior year.

For recreation he'd visit the amusement park at the fairgrounds. Because of his popularity, it was impossible for him to attend during the park's normal hours, so he'd rent the park after it closed, inviting friends to accompany him. When Elvis had a date, this is where he usually took her. His touring had ended an 18-month-long relationship with Dixie Locke, his high school sweetheart, and Elvis didn't date any one girl regularly.

Elvis was bouncing all over the country now. His appearances early in the year had been in the South, even during the months when "Heartbreak Hotel" was becoming a national hit, but now instead of moving from city to city he was jumping from state to state. The first week of June he was back in California, making his second appearance on the "Milton Berle Show." Then he was in Colorado and then he was signed to appear on Steve Allen's new Sunday night show being broadcast live from New York.

Ed Sullivan began negotiating with the Colonel for Elvis. He previously had said he wouldn't touch Elvis with a long stick, but when he saw Steve's rating, there was a certain amount of hemming and

From ELVIS by Jerry Hopkins
Copyright © 1971 by Jerry Hopkins
Reprinted by permission of
Simon & Schuster, a Division of
Gulf & Western Corporation

And Hollywood Beckon

hawing and before it was over, he'd promised Elvis \$50,000 for three performances, the first in September, the others at eight-week intervals. Per show, this more than tripled the previous high Sullivan had ever paid—\$5,000—and more than doubled Steve Allen's fee of \$7,500.

Elvis's first appearance on Sullivan's "Toast of the Town" was on Sept. 9, when he helped Ed corner 82.6 per cent of the audience, equal to about 54 million people, a record that stood until 1964, when Sullivan coaxed the Beatles onto his show. Elvis' portion of the show—two songs—was broadcast from the CBS studios in Hollywood as an insert, and Elvis was shown on the home screen from the waist up. The only way anybody at home could tell his hips were moving was to listen to the screams from the girls in the studio audience.

All across America the edicts were posted. In San Antonio, Texas, rock'n'roll was banished from city swimming pool jukeboxes because, according to the city council, the music "attracted undesirable elements given to practicing their spastic gyrations in abbreviated bathing suits."

Concentrating their attack on Elvis specifically, in Syracuse, N.Y., a group of women circulated petitions demanding that Elvis be barred from television and sent them to the three networks.

In Knoxville, Tenn., three crew-cropped football players set up their own barbershop and trimmed all the Elvis hair styles in sight, whether or not the owners liked it. Elvis was hung in effigy in Nashville.

Evangelist Billy Graham said he'd never met Elvis and didn't know much about him, but "From what I've heard, I'm not so sure I'd want my children to see him."

"As a rule, most of the adults are real nice," Elvis said at the time. "They're understanding. They . . . they . . . uh, I've had 'em to come round to me by the hundreds and say, 'I don't personally like your kind-a music, but, uh, uh, my children like it and so on, and, and if they like it, well I ain't got any kick about it, 'cause when I was young I liked the Charleston. I liked the fox trot. I liked this and that.' They, uh, they're adults with a little intelligence. I mean, you know, they don't run people into the ground for havin' a nice time."

"If I just stood out there and sang and never moved, people would say, 'Well, my goodness, I can stay home and listen to his records.' But you have to give 'em a show, somethin' to talk about."

"The very first appearance after I started to record, I was on a show in Memphis where I started doin' that (shaking). I came out and I was doin' a fast-type tune, uh, one of my first records, and ever'body was hollerin' and I didn't know what they was hollerin' at. Ever'body was screamin' and ever'thing, and, uh, I came off stage and my manager told me they was hollerin' because I was wigglin'. Well, I went back out for an encore and I, I, I kind-a did a little more. And the more I did, the wilder they went."

Elvis owned a fleet of Cadillacs and a small parking lot full of other assorted vehicles, he had a wardrobe that included 30 sport coats and 40 sport shirts, and his fingers and wrists were hung with enough diamonds and star sapphires to ransom an Arabian oil prince; but this wasn't ostentation, not in the usual sense. It was just his way of conforming to the customs of that peculiar cultural group from which he recently had graduated, the country and western singer. Back home in Tennessee, soon as any of those good ol' boys got a few dollars together, they bought Cadillacs and fancy duds and flashy jewelry; that didn't mean they gave up grits. And in Elvis' case, the first thing he bought was a house for his parents.

He liked to drive flashy cars, race motorcycles, shoot pool and make "conquests" of girls. (Says Johnny Cash: "He had a project to see how many

girls he could make. He did okay.") He was what "good girls" called a hood. But he was Southern, dripping manners and charm. He loved—no, worshiped—his mother; he wouldn't do anything that would embarrass her.

Within a week of Elvis' first Ed Sullivan show, RCA released seven of his records simultaneously, all of them 45s. No one had done anything like this before.

What happened, of course, was Elvis had three No. 1 hits in a row. Two million kids bought "Hound Dog" and then another two million went in and bought "Don't Be Cruel." (Even if it was the same record.) And after that more than a million went back and bought "Love Me Tender." From August, when the run started, until December nobody but Elvis was going to be at the head of the charts. No one. In the autumn of 1956, as teenagers returned to school, the saturation gamble paid off.

According to Steve Sholes, engineer on many of Elvis' early hits, when Elvis danced in the studio it created a problem. "In the session I'd say, 'Elvis, can't you stand still?' And he'd say, 'No, I can't. I'm sorry. I start playing and the movements are involuntary.' The reason I wanted him to stand still was because he kept getting off-mike."

"Fantastic thing about Elvis was that after one playing of the record he would have the thing in mind, the melody perfect, the chords all down. This isn't too amazing for a country singer," Sholes says, "but the thing that killed me was that he generally had most of the lyrics too, sometimes all of them. The second time through he'd have all the lyrics. Sometimes we'd be making a take and I'd say, 'Gee, Elvis, I think you made a mistake in the lyrics there.' And he'd say, 'I don't think I did, Mr. Sholes.' And I'd look at the damn sheet and I'd find he was right. He has something close to photographic memory."

Says Bones Howe, his producer, "So what it really boiled down to was Elvis produced his own records. He came to the session, picked the songs, and if something in the arrangement was changed, he was the one to change it. Everything was worked out spontaneously. Nothing was really rehearsed. Many of the important decisions normally made previous to a recording session were made during the session."

Others jumped aboard the rockabilly bandwagon rolling through town, so many that by 1957 the record charts were nearly dominated by former country boys—Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash, Sonny James, Marty Robbins, George Hamilton IV, Conway Twitty and the Everly Brothers among them. In the meantime about a hundred country radio stations changed formats and went rock. And so did a lot of the fans. Never before had there been so much pickin' and grinnin' on the best-seller charts, and at the same time never before had the source of this sound taken such a beating.

There were also many other ways in which Elvis changed the shape of popular tastes. Guitar sales climbed astronomically. When Elvis came along thumping his guitar, it changed; now it was "cool" to play the guitar, now it was manly, something a stud did.

The man responsible for all this, of course, was the poor ol' Colonel of carnival fame.

"Elvis trusted the Colonel explicitly," says Oscar Davis, one of the Colonel's promotion men. "He was a young man and he flared up a little bit, but Tom was a strong man and he'd lay the law down and that's the way Elvis went. He trusted Tom to do what was right for him."

It was in August that the Colonel announced what would be one of his more extravagant—and profitable—schemes. That was when he said he had engaged Howard Bell and Hank Saperstein of Special Projects, Inc., in Beverly Hills to handle all his product merchandising.



In November 1956, this movie theater in New York heralded the coming of Elvis Presley in "Love Me Tender."

So pervasive was the marketing, if one of Elvis' fans bought one of everything, she could, upon arising in the morning, pull on some Elvis Presley bobbysocks, Elvis Presley shoes, an Elvis Presley skirt and Elvis Presley blouse, an Elvis Presley sweater, hang an Elvis Presley charm bracelet from one wrist, put an Elvis Presley handkerchief in her Elvis Presley purse and head for school, where she might swap some Elvis Presley bubble gum cards before class, where she would take notes with an Elvis Presley pencil. After school she might change into Elvis Presley Bermuda shorts, Elvis Presley blue jeans (which were not blue but black, trimmed in white and carried Elvis' face on a pocket tag) or Elvis Presley treader pants, and either write an Elvis Presley pen pal (whose address she got from an Elvis Presley magazine) or play an Elvis Presley game, while drinking an Elvis Presley soft drink. And before going to bed in her Elvis Presley knit pajamas, she might write in her Elvis Presley diary, using an Elvis Presley ballpoint pen, listen to "Hound Dog" a final 10 times, then switch out the light to watch the Elvis Presley picture that glowed in the dark.

Elvis had begun work on his first film, "Love Me Tender," on August 22.

Elvis was enjoying Hollywood. He had his guys around for jokes and any errands he wanted taken care of. The studio gave him a secretary. And the writers and photographers stood in line.

Usually two to three hundred prints of a film are released at one time, but when "Love Me Tender" was ready for the nation's theaters, no less than 550 prints were ordered.

Never before had any Hollywood film got its money back so rapidly.

The critics welcomed Elvis less ecstatically.

No matter where Elvis was, there were fans—in hotel lobbies, outside studio gates, backstage, at his home, anywhere he went. All over the United States, whenever a youthful runaway was reported by parents to police, if the missing teenager was female the police checked the mob of girls outside Elvis' house in Memphis before doing anything else.

Elvis played football between recording sessions, concerts and films. It was one of his favorite means of escaping from the pressures of his career, and usually those he played with were old high school pals and friends he'd made in Hollywood.

NEXT: Facing the draft.

Dominoes In Texas

FORT WORTH, Texas — Old men who dress in faded suit-coats and exist on Social Security checks come into Glen's Bar on downtown Commerce Street to warm themselves on bitter cold winter mornings and on August afternoons to escape the searing Texas heat. They gather in groups of four to pass the time drinking beer from frosty steins and play dominoes, something of a regional pastime for many years in this part of the country.

Texans, it seems, have always known the social value of a set of "bones," what a deck of dominoes is called south of the Red River. Domino tables are as popular in many bars as the ever-present pool table.

Almost every small town in the state has a place where the community's domino addicts congregate. Such arrangements pass for a town social club, where there is talk of cotton crops and cattle prices. Town gossip is a staple of the games.

In Anna, Texas, for example, the men of the town have been playing dominoes since before even the oldest old-timers can remember. The richest man in town has provided them with

their own small domino building.

Domino tournaments are frequent in Texas, with great distinction going to the winners. Country music superstar Willie Nelson has been known to participate in the events. He keeps the touch for the game by sitting for a few hands every now and then at his Willie's Pool Hall on the South Side of Austin.

But dominoes is not a regional game these days. It is now being played from coast to coast everywhere from the poshest men's clubs to the most down-at-the-heels

taverns.

Dominic Armanino, a 77-year-old San Francisco man who is director of the International Domino Association, says dominoes has been played for thousands of years but is just now hitting its stride.

"There is now doubt that dominoes is becoming more popular," Armanino told CountryStyle.

Armanino, who has written books on the game, is president of the Five-Up Company, a firm that sells domino sets, books and other items related to the game.

He, more than many other people, is aware that domino sets are becoming popular sales items at even the most exclusive stores.

Armanino has been playing the game himself for more than 20 years since his doctor recommended he find something relaxing.

Like many others, Armanino said he first approached dominoes with a misconception about the game.

"I thought it was a kid's game," he said. "But I discovered it is a great game of chance and skill."

He says he has seen

dominoes grow in popularity on the West Coast until "I believe domino players in San Francisco are more numerous than bridge players."

The game is deceptively simple. There are 28 rectangular pieces in the most popular domino sets. Each of them has a number of dots ranging from a piece that is blank at both ends to one with six dots at each end.

Points are scored by playing the "bones" or "tiles" end to end.

It is not a game for the slow witted.

Glen Godfrey, who owns Glen's Bar and often sits in on the game with his patrons, says dominoes requires great powers of concentration.

"You have to be able to remember what everybody has played," Godfrey said. "It takes lots of practice."

Another misconception about dominoes is that it is only one game, Armanino said.

"Dominoes is not just one game," he said. "It's a deck, like a deck of cards. There are at least 100 games."

But whatever the game, one thing seems certain—dominoes is taking its place with such more publicized games as backgammon, chess and checkers.



A typical domino parlor scene. The spittoons are under the table.

The COUNTRYSTYLE Reader Poll

CountryStyle has come up with the cure for all those fanatic country music followers frustrated because they disagreed with the all-star selections made by the Country Music Association and the Academy of Country Music.

We're taking a poll of our readers so finally they'll have a voice in handing out the honors for top male vocalist, female vocalist, group, instrumentalist and composer.

Nominations are already pouring in from readers across the country. We think it's about time that the folks who buy the records and put the quarters in the jukeboxes had their say.

There are no rules. You simply fill out the coupon—listing your favorite male and female singers, group, instrumentalist and composer—and send it in to CountryStyle.

To be fair about it, we can accept only one ballot per reader. And that must be the official one at right (no photocopies, please—our help here is educated and can easily tell the difference).

A partial list of performers—to help confuse you—is also printed below.

Ballots will be printed in the next six issues of CountryStyle. After a short pause—to allow ballots to be counted—the winners will be announced in mid-summer.

The top vote-getter in each category will receive a suitable award designating him as best in his field, as chosen by CountryStyle readers.

So go to it fans, let's hear who your favorites are!



MALE VOCALIST

Roy Acuff
Rex Allen, Jr.
Bill Anderson
Eddy Arnold
Chet Atkins
Hoyt Axton
Moe Bandy
Bobby Bare
Jim Ed Brown
Jimmy Buffett
Johnny Bush
Johnny Cash
Guy Clark
Roy Clark
David Allen Coe
Randy Corner
Billy "Crash" Craddock
Mac Davis
Jimmy Dean
John Denver
Dave Dudley
Stoney Edwards
Blake Emmons
Narvel Felts
Freddie Fender
Larry Gatlin
Don Gibson
Mickey Gilley
Jack Greene
Ray Griff
Merle Haggard
Tom T. Hall
Freddie Hart
John Hartford
Ferlin Husky
Sonny James
Waylon Jennings
George Jones
Wayne Kemp
Don King
Kris Kristofferson
Jerry Lee Lewis
Gordon Lightfoot
Bob Luman
C.W. McCall
Roger Miller
Ronnie Milsap
Bill Monroe
Lester Moran
Willie Nelson
Jimmy Newman
Buck Owens
Carl Perkins
Elvis Presley
Ray Price
Charley Pride
John Prine
Eddie Rabbitt
Eddy Raven
Jerry Reed
Ronnie Reno
Charlie Rich
Marty Robbins
Johnny Rodriguez
T.G. Sheppard
Cal Smith
Hank Snow
Red Sovine
Jim Stafford
Joe Stampley

Kenny Starr
Ray Stevens
Gary Stewart
Mel Street
Nat Stuckey
Billy Swan
Mel Tillis
Ernest Tubb
Conway Twitty
Porter Wagoner
Billy Walker
Jerry Jeff Walker
Freddie Weller
Rusty Wier
Don Williams
Hank Williams, Jr.
Mac Wiseman
Steve Young

FEMALE VOCALIST

Lynn Anderson
Barbi Benton
Ronee Blakely
June Carter Cash
Judy Collins
Jessi Colter
Rita Coolidge
Wilma Lee Cooper
Helen Cornelius
Skeeter Davis
Penny DeHaven
Dottsy
Barbara Fairchild
Donna Fargo
Crystal Gayle
Bobby Gentry
Arlene Hardin
Linda Hargrove
Emmylou Harris
Wendy Holcombe
Jessica James
LaCosta
Brenda Lee
Lawanda Lindsey
Loretta Lynn
Barbara Mandrell
Jody Miller
Melba Montgomery
Anne Murray
Tracy Nelson
Olivia Newton-John
Chris O'Connell
Bonnie Owens
Dolly Parton
Minnie Pearl
Sandy Posey
Jeanne Pruitt
Susan Ray
Becky Remec
Jeanie C. Riley
Linda Ronstadt
Jeannie Seeley
Sunday Sharpe
Jeanie Shepard
Connie Smith
Margo Smith
Sammi Smith
Billie Jo Spears
Diana Trask

Tanya Tucker
Mary Lou Turner
Kitty Wells
Dottie West
Leona Williams
Tammy Wynette

COMPOSER

Hoyt Axton
Mac Davis
John Denver
Merle Haggard
Tom T. Hall
Linda Hargrove
John Hartford
Waylon Jennings
Kris Kristofferson
Gordon Lightfoot
Roger Miller
Michael Murphey
Willie Nelson
Johnny Rodriguez
Shel Silverstein

INSTRUMENTALIST

Chet Atkins
Roy Clark
Vassar Clements
Curly Ray Cline
Pete Drake
Lester Flatt
Johnny Gimble
Josh Graves

Lloyd Green
John Hartford
Dave Kirby
Charlie McCoy
Ralph Mooney
Bob Moore
Weldon Myrick
Jerry Reed
Hargus "Pig" Robbins
Earl Scruggs
Buddy Spicher
Ralph Stanley
Doc Watson
Reggie Young

GROUP

Amazing Rhythm Aces
Asleep At The Wheel
Blue Sky Boys
The Browns
Buckaroos
Burrito Brothers
Calico
Carter Family
Climch Mountain Boys
Coal Miners
Commander Cody
Country Gentlemen
Charlie Daniels Band
Dave and Sugar
Danny Davis & The Nashville Brass
Dillards
Dr. Hook
Dusty Drapes & Dusters

Eagles
Lester Flatt's Newgrass
The Four Guys
Fuller Brothers
Emmylou Harris' Hot Band
Jolly Giants
The Jones Boys
Jordanaires
Lost Gonzo Band
Marshall Tucker Band
Nitty Gritty Dirt Band

Oak Ridge Boys
Osborne Brothers
Outlaws
Piper Road Spring Band
Prairie Fire
The Po' Boys
Red Clay Ramblers
Red Rose Express
Riders of the Purple Sage
Saddle Creek
Earl Scruggs Revue
Second Fiddles
Seldom Scene
Smokey Mountain Boys
Stanley Brothers
Statesiders
Statler Brothers
The Strangers
Tennessee Cutups
Tennessee Three
Tennessee Walkers
Texas Troubadours
Twitty Birds
The Wagonmasters
Waylors

COUNTRYSTYLE Reader Poll Official Ballot

Male Vocalist _____

Female Vocalist _____

Group _____

Instrumentalist _____

Composer _____

Reader's Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send To: Reader Poll
CountryStyle Magazine
11058 W. Addison St..
Franklin Park, Ill. 60131

Emmylou Harris— Riding 1st Class On The Luxury Liner

By JAMES NEFF



Emmylou Harris' brand of music manages to appeal to straight country fans as well as hippies and suburban kids.

Emmylou Harris remembers auditioning for a big record company in New York in 1969. A modish guy in a big tie listened to her and then in a bored, patronizing way said, "Yeah, that's real great, honey. Here are a couple of Claudine Longet albums. Come back when you can sing like that and I think we may be able to do something for you."

His zebra-skin chairs should have tipped her off. Anyway, the songs she sang for him became monster hits a few years later—"Let's Get Together" before the Youngbloods did it, "Mr. Bojangles" before Jerry Jeff Walker recorded it, and "Louisiana Man" before Bobby Gentry did it. Mr. Big Lunch Tie didn't think any of the songs had a chance.

Singing her country-flavored music back then was a frustrating experience. She almost quit. Today, Harris' greatness as a singer has connected with a mass audience. People are moved by her pure soprano, which has been described as "a crystal voice that breaks like a pilsner glass slipping through heartache drunk fingers onto a honky-tonk floor."

At a recent Chicago concert Emmylou and the Hot Band were overwhelmed by the response of a sellout crowd that called for two encores. "I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" she repeated joyously backstage after the show.

At an Austin, Texas, concert two weeks previous, a teenaged cowboy (emphasis on the "boy") with Tony Lama boots and white sidewalled haircut solemnly walked into the stagelight glow and gently laid his High Sierra creased Stetson at her feet, then slowly retreated up the aisle . . .

She elicits that kind of a response. A shy, sensitive, 30-year-old woman, she seems to communicate not by talking but through her singing—about heartache, vulnerability and love lost and found. She makes men want to protect her; women want to be her sister.

"The first album ('Pieces of the Sky') was very painful, very introspective," Harris says, adding that, yes, it does show her vulnerability. "The second album seems to me to be stronger."

Her third, "Luxury Liner," quickly climbed to the top of the country charts where it now rests.

Like her other albums, it appeals to straight country fans as well as hippies and brushed denim suburban kids. The album is clearly country, though, not like those of Linda Ronstadt (a close friend of Harris) who sings various styles of music, some of them country. Warner Records released a single off "Luxury Liner" called "C'est La Vie," a song by rock 'n' roll legend Chuck Berry. Somehow, she and the Hot Band make it sound country.

"The phrasing and the feel is not foreign to us. It's more country than rock," she points out.

Harris has been recording material by the late Gram Parsons, the moving force behind the late 1960s country rock scene in Los Angeles. This has inevitably caused fans to insist that she is carrying on his musical legacy just like the days when she started singing with him and then fell in love with him.

She admits his influence readily—he turned her on to country music even though she is Alabama born. "Gram has had the most important musical influence on me so far," she admits. "It's obvious to anyone who is familiar with his work. I'd probably be a real estate agent in Maryland if not for him."

Parsons, however, recorded only a limited amount of material before he died of a drug overdose at 29 in 1974. "I'm not more into his stuff," Harris insists. "I'm more into the Louvin Brothers right now. 'She' (a Parsons tune) almost wasn't in 'Luxury Liner.' It just filled a space. I record the strongest songs in my head at the time, and it just fit."

She is attracted to the Louvin Brothers material because of her love for background singing. "I enjoy background singing the best. When I do an album I enjoy most thinking about the background harmonies, who will sing, and what to sing." The Louvin Brothers changed the whole idea of background singing, moving the concept of harmony away from a straight part and into a melody in itself.

"When I sing with a trio I step on other people's parts. I'm putting stuff on Jesse Winchester's new album (produced by her husband Brian Ahern) and I go up and down, all over the place. It makes it hard for Herb (Pedersen), but he can sing anything."

Emmylou Harris was born in Alabama and grew up in Virginia and Maryland. She dropped out of the University of North Carolina. "If I hadn't quit school, I probably would have had some kind of breakdown," she told the Los Angeles Times. "I didn't just get this gray hair in the last couple of years. I felt a need to break away from the regimentation of the first 18 years of my life."

She tried the folk scene in Washington, D.C., and Greenwich Village, but never settled on one kind of music until she met Parsons. "I liked everything, that was my problem," she recently remarked.

She had her struggling Nashville period when she worked as a waitress at the High Hat Lounge across the street from the bus station. "I didn't find any rejection in Nashville, mainly because I really didn't try anything. I had too many personal problems to become deeply involved."

Harris' marriage broke up around then. She married Brian Ahern in January this year at a small ceremony at his parents' home in Nova Scotia.

She and Brian and her 7-year-old daughter have yet to settle anyplace, since she's been on the road for the last year. "We'll probably rent a house outside L.A. this summer when I have time off. I'll take my daughter out there after our European tour."

In the meantime, she continues to listen to the a.m. country radio with notebook in hand, jotting down lyrics and song titles that impress her. Songs she's found this way include two of her singles: "Together Again," a Buck Owens' song, and Don Gibson's 20-year-old classic, "Sweet Dreams."

"I still feel I'm growing as a singer," she says.

Ray Sawyer's Solo Debut

Just What The 'Doctor' Ordered

By JAY MacDONALD

Ray Sawyer was in the clouds.

He'd just returned to his new Nashville flat from a sold out tour of Canada with the indefatigable group Dr. Hook, during which time their latest album "Dr. Hook" earned a gold record in the North country, only to be met with glowing reviews for his newly released solo album.

It is safe to say the effect on the Alabaman was something akin to vertigo. Only two years ago, he and his cohorts were a bankrupt second-string rock group with an identity problem and two hits to their credit, "Sylvia's Mother" and "Cover Of The Rolling Stone."

But 1976 was vastly successful for the phoenix-like Dr. Hook, due mostly to the fact that country audiences caught on to their remake of Sam Cooke's "Only Sixteen" and their country-soul ballads "A Couple More Years" and "A Little Bit More."

Critics are saying 1977 could be equally good to the eyepatched lead singer.

Sawyer recently had two solo songs on the country charts, "(One More Year Of) Daddy's Little Girl" and "Red-Winged Blackbird."

Sawyer's first concern was to quash rumors of his leaving the group, which is among the closest-knit families of young musicians going.

"The album is something I've always wanted to do. I don't mean to look like I'm leaving the group or anything like that," he explained.

Hook mentor-producer Ron Haffkine interrupted with group policy. "Ray won't go out without the rest of the group, even if they are just standing in the wings ready to get their hands on him," he said, and both shared a good laugh.

The group has been so busy, in fact, that a solo tour is out of the question, Sawyer admits. Dr. Hook is scheduled for 275 dates this year, including an Australian tour in May, two months of fair dates in August and September and a possible tour of Europe in the fall. They are, instead, working some of his solo cuts into the act.

"You're used to moving and when you're home you get sick," Sawyer confides. "I like to get home, lay around and get my clothes washed, but..." Haffkine interjects, "The group will be off the road for three days and then Ray will call everyone up and they'll all be over for chicken and hush-puppies. You'd think they'd get sick of each other, but..." Sawyer finishes the explanation, "We get asked if there are ever any problems between us. Of course you have problems. But when someone gets upset, the other six of us just sit on him until he's better," he said with a laugh.

That country audiences finally got "hooked" came as

no surprise to Sawyer.

"'Cover Of The Rolling Stone' was definitely country and 'Sylvia's Mother' was, as well," explained Sawyer in his friendly Chickasaw drawl. "I mean, everybody talks about crossover hits, but that's not the way people listen to music. They don't label it when they listen to it."

They didn't label Dr. Hook, nor could they exactly, in the years when they were known as Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show. Sometimes they would wear women's lingerie outside their shoddy denims, or perhaps glitter and silk in mock homage to rock-and-roll excess. And their repertoire included outrageous tunes like "Freakin' At The Freaker's Ball," "Penicillin Penny" and "I Got Stoned And I Missed It," all products, tellingly, of one of Nashville's favorite crazy-men, Shel Silverstein.

It's been a curious seven-year journey into the bosom of country music, Sawyer admits.

"'Sylvia's Mother' got us a younger crowd, 'Cover Of The Rolling Stone' got us bikers, 'Only Sixteen' got us the young girls and 'A Little Bit More' and 'A Couple More Years' got

us an older audience. Whew!

"The amazing thing is they all stay with us. We have older people coming around getting autographs for 'A Couple More Years.'

"What's strange is doing a show and having a 60-year-old man in the back row screaming for 'Freaker's Ball,'" he said with some wonder.

Sawyer grew up "trying to sound like Hank Williams" in Chickasaw, Ala., started playing guitar at age 11 and later played drums in small clubs "from Houston to Charleston." Inspired by a John Wayne movie, he packed off to Portland, Ore., to become a lumberjack, but an auto accident, which left him blind in his right eye, sent him back home.

He teamed up with Dennis Locorriere, who handles the vocals on "Only Sixteen" and "A Couple More Years," and the other crazies, Jance Garfat, Jay David, George Cummings and Bill Francis, in 1970. Since then John Wolters has replaced David and Rik Elswit took over for Cummings.

The group made the move

from San Francisco to Nashville before "Only Sixteen" hit big on the country charts. Having signed with Capitol, the group was not intrigued by setting stakes in New York or Los Angeles "but Nashville has all this talent pouring in from all over the world," contends Haffkine, "it's got the feeling like Greenwich Village in the early 1960s."

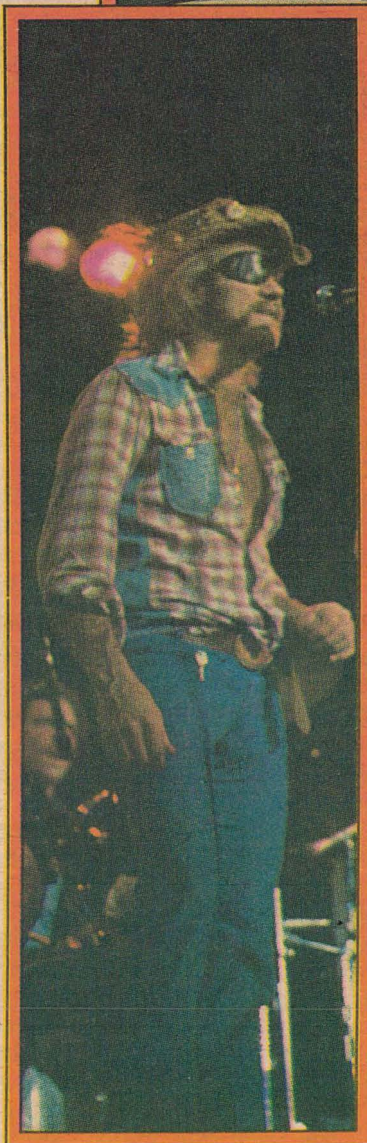
Talent like Waylon Jennings, who sat in on "What About You" and helped produce part of their most country album, "A Little Bit More."

Music City suits Sawyer just fine. He admits he's writing more lately. Two of the cuts on the "Ray Sawyer" album were co-written by Sawyer and look for more on the upcoming Dr. Hook album, which they recently completed in their basement recording studio on scenic Old Hickory Lake outside Nashville. Sawyer named Silverstein and Harlan Howard as among his influences.

Haffkine is pleased as well, because, among other things, it will be easier to stock up on instant grits to feed Sawyer's need on those long European tours.



From "Cover of The Rolling Stone" to his first solo album, Ray Sawyer (with eyepatch), along with his precocious cronies in Dr. Hook, has traveled the road seven years through some rocky country before arriving in Nashville. Now they're even playing county fairs in the corn belt!



COUNTRY MUSIC. It's a subject as broad as the 4,000 miles that separate the Atlantic coast from the Pacific, as diverse as the tastes of the people in between. Traditional, bluegrass, rural blues, western swing, rockabilly, Cajun, jazz and country-rock. The many paths detour, yet inevitably merge back into the mainstream of country music. Call it a style, an attitude or a way of thinking, country music is the music of America. This is the 7th of a 12-part series tracing the history of country music over 200 years.

THE HISTORY OF COUNTRY MUSIC

Bob Wills, The

By JAY MacDONALD

"Time" magazine called him "a backwoods Lombardo," though he spurned country music's "hillbilly" image in favor of horn sections and drums. The circumstances of his life seemed to torment him, both the poverty of his rural Texas upbringing and the success that came to him as an adult. Marriage did not agree with him, though he tried it six times in as many years and twice with the same woman. He was alternately selfish and extravagantly generous, a carefree honky-tonker and a guilt-ridden, would-be Southern Baptist minister, a man who rarely drank and a problem when he did.

His name was Jim Rob Wills, a fiddler, songwriter and bandleader from tiny Turkey in west Texas. The story of the musical style he pioneered and hand polished, a blend of frontier fiddle, black blues and Spanish mariachi that came to be called western swing, is largely his.

Fiddling came naturally to the son of John Wills, one of the Southwest's finest musicians. When the family moved from east to west Texas, picking music and cotton with other poor whites and blacks, the 8-year-old budding musician was just as adept at absorbing the blues and jazz styles he heard. He recalled in later years, "I've loved horns since I was a little boy," and the mariachi music of Spanish-influenced west Texas would figure prominently in his musical development.

It was from these musical ingredients that the innovative Wills would fashion western swing.

The Saturday night house party, originally a custom of the early Southeastern settlers, became a frontier tradition as the nation moved west. Each week neighbors would gather at one house, take up the rug and dance a lively two-step to the tune of a local fiddler. As the Southwest grew, so too did the house party, until by 1930 neighbors were gathering in barns or dance halls to spin and shuffle the Paul Jones or the schottische to country dance bands.

Among the early dance bands to gain some notoriety in the Lone Star State was the Light Crust Doughboys, named after their sponsor by band leader, songwriter and flour entrepreneur W. Lee O'Daniel. Formed in 1930, the musicians proved to be a bright and inventive bunch capable of melding jazz, blues, country, even Cajun, in spontaneous "jams."

It may have been, in fact, too good to last long.

Among the future luminaries in O'Daniel's Doughboys were vocalist Milton Brown, his successor Tommy Duncan, guitarist Herman Arnspiger, steel guitarist Leon McAuliffe and a hot young fiddler named Wills.

Brown was the first to leave the Light Crust stable, forming his own Musical Brownies in 1932. They recorded several sides for Bluebird, including "My Mary," which achieved some popularity in the region. Considered by

some to have preceded Wills in pioneering western swing, the talented Brown never saw the music come into bloom—a car crash took his life in 1936.

In 1933, Wills coaxed his banjo-playing brother Johnnie Lee and vocalist Duncan to split the group, and the next year Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys were booming across the plains over KVOO, Tulsa's 50,000 watt radio station.

It was only a year later that Art Satherley, A and R man for Okeh Records, set up a recording session for Wills on the Playboys' reputation alone. Wills had hit on something big by that time; call it the Wills' attitude or style, it served him well almost to his death.

Though Wills was the center of any Playboys' performance, he was concerned that his musicians receive the recognition he thought they deserved, and he would introduce them by name for their solos with a rousing "Ah-hah, take it away." He believed in giving folks their money's worth, and a Wills show would run from 8 until midnight without an intermission. He was a disciplinarian who required his musicians to mingle with the crowd and uphold a kind of unwritten code of style that came with being on the Wills bandstand.

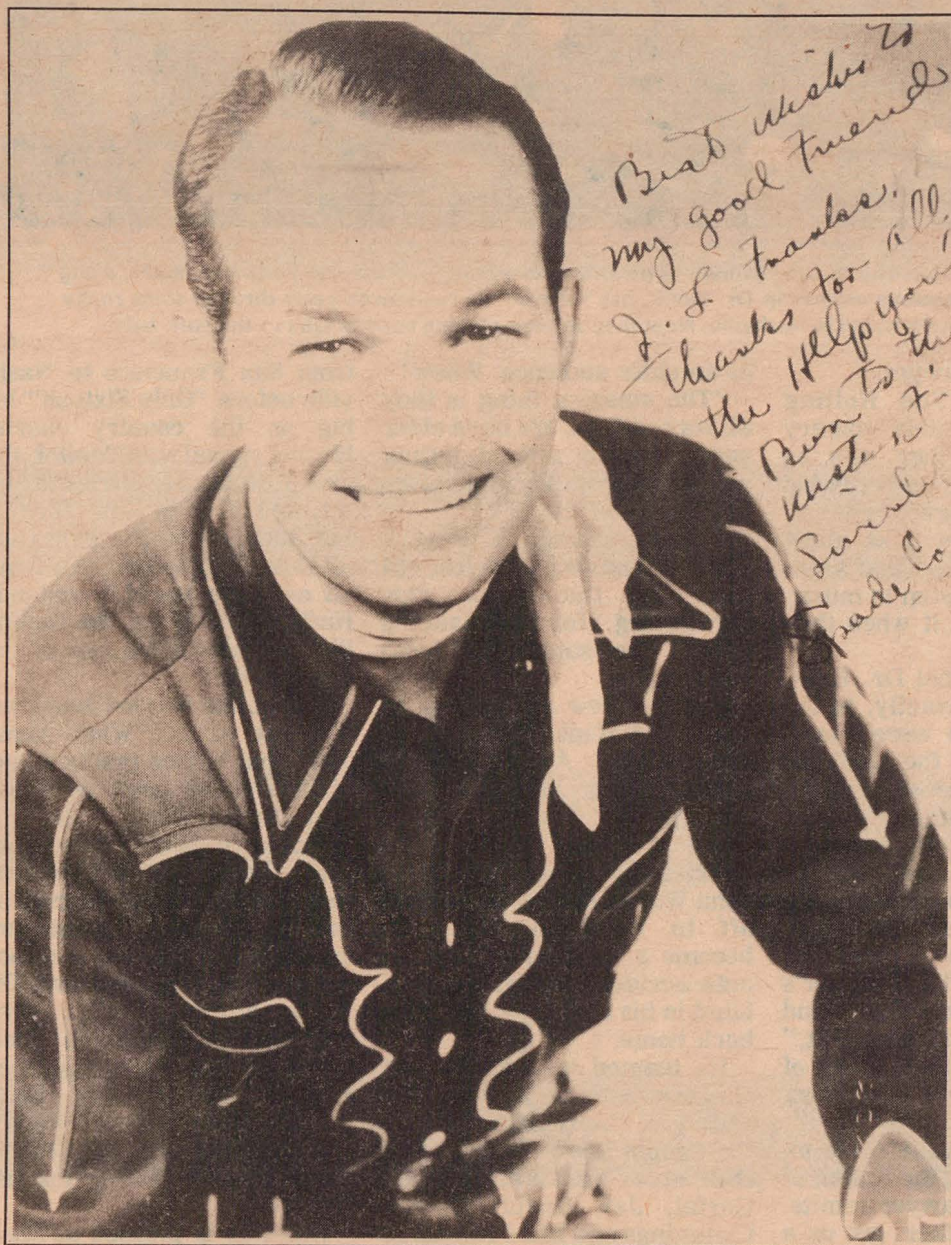
Behind that white Stetson and ever-present cigar there was a mind singularly devoted to making a new music.

Some of it came from Wills' natural inclination to give his musicians plenty of room to improvise. He was among the first to introduce the solo break in the music, and what came out was jazz and hot blues. The walking bass also was a Wills trademark and he was among the first to use electric instruments and drums in country music. In these respects, Wills borrowed more from the budding big bands than from the likes of Jimmie Rodgers or the Carter Family.

As the music grew, so did the Wills imitators. As travel was difficult for the large bands, many of the western swing ensembles remained close to home and few ever ventured outside of Texas, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Other bands were led by Dewey Groom, Spade Cooley, Hoyle Nicks, Adolph Hoffner, Easy Adams, Texas Tophand and Olie Rasmussen with his Nebraska Corn Huskers.

There was never any real doubt who was leading the pack, however. Most of the western swing bands featured Wills songs and even built their bands to resemble the Playboys. If Wills had two fiddles, they'd have two, and so on.

Wills continued to follow his own creative intuition. When bookings became too heavy, he formed a spinoff around brother Johnnie Lee which served to replenish the first-string Wills group with talent when musicians quit. Occasionally he hired female singers, like Ramona Reed and Laura Lee McBride, and he'd supplement Duncan's vocals from time to time with female yodelers. By 1943, Wills had



Spade Cooley took the liberty of dubbing himself "King of Western Swing." Cooley and his band moved west from Texas to California during World War II to play for servicemen and Okies, much as Bob Wills did.

King Of Western Swing

enlarged the group to 23, including a full brass section and four fiddles, while keeping an eye on similar outfits led by brothers Johnnie Lee, Luke and Billy Jack.

Wills and the Playboys produced nonstop hits from their first release, "Spanish Two-Step," in 1936, through "Get Along Home Cindy-Right Or Wrong" (1937), "Maiden's Prayer" (1938), "San Antonio Rose" (1939), "New San Antonio Rose" (1940) and "Take Me Back To Tulsa" (1941).

The popularity of Wills' sound was spreading in the 1940s, both east to Nashville and west to the California fruitbelt, where the Okies and Arkies were starving for the music.

The Southeast never caught swing fever, though they could hear it over the Grand Ole Opry broadcasts. Pee Wee King and his Golden West Cowboys joined the Opry troupe in 1937 and an Opry soloist, Paul Howard, formed a western swing band, the Arkansas Cotton Pickers.

King's troupe, which spawned later greats Cowboy Copas and Eddy Arnold, produced several country classics, including "Tennessee Waltz," "Bonaparte's Retreat" and "Slowpoke," all written by King and fiddler Redd Stewart. They left the Opry in 1948 for a lucrative television offer in St. Louis. Howard and his Arkansas Cotton Pickers left the Opry shortly after King to play the Southwest dance hall circuit.

In 1944, following his release from the Army, Wills moved his Playboys to California, there to entertain the transplanted Okies and servicemen, leaving brother Johnnie Lee to hold the fort in Tulsa. While western swing was bigger than ever in the mid-1940s, it's place in the national spotlight was fading.

Instead, western swing began to emerge as an influence on still newer country music styles. The big band era was fading as a rougher, more realistic sound was emerging to match the disillusionment and experienced cynicism of the returning servicemen. For post-war America, "Bubbles In My Beer," a 1948 Wills hit, caught the mood better than the escapist optimism that had been at the core of western swing, and indeed swing in general. Honky-tonking, the wild side of life, slippin' around and walking the floor were the new themes of country music.

The music, of course, didn't die, at least not in the Southwest, where Wills performed up until a series of strokes beginning in 1969 put him in a wheelchair. Shortly after he and the Playboys regrouped for an album entitled "For The Last Time," in 1974, Jim Rob Wills lapsed into a coma. He died the following May, just as his music was being revived and recognized as never before.

Wills' legacy is massive. Country stars who give credit to the irrepressible Wills for their musical development include Willie Nelson, Hank Thompson, Ray Price, Mel Tillis,



George Jones, Merle Haggard, Waylon Jennings, the late Lefty Frizzell, Charley Pride, Stoney Edwards, Buck Owens and many more. To mention the many artists who have recorded the Wills classics, "Stay All Night, Stay A Little Longer" and "Faded Love," not to mention "San Antonio Rose," would likely fill a space the size of this story.

A whole new generation has picked up on the infectious music, in fact. Groups like Asleep At The Wheel, Alvin Crow and the Pleasant Valley Boys, Marcia Ball and the Misery Brothers as well as Commander Cody and Dan Hicks have recorded and performed Wills tunes, assuring the survival of western swing.

It is all too easy to point to Wills' musical influences and explain how he developed western swing while overlooking one crucial fact: among the countless other musicians who grew up with the same varied musical diet, it was the genius of Bob Wills that envisioned how they could fit together to lift the human spirit.

That's why, as Waylon Jennings so succinctly put it, "It don't matter who's in Austin, Bob Wills is still the king."

NEXT: HONKY-TONKIN'

Photos courtesy of Country Music Foundation Library and Media Center.



Bob Wills shunned the "hillbilly" image oft associated with country music in the '30s, preferring instead the professional polished look. Wills' sets (above) were a lively, uninterrupted four hours, after which he required band members to mingle with their admiring fans. Left, "It don't matter who's in Austin, Bob Wills is still the king." The pioneer of western swing was a curious mix of discipline and excess, a troubled man who made people happy with his infectious swing music.

In case you've missed any of the previous installments and would like to catch up, you can get back issues of *CountryStyle*. The ad appears on Page 42.



Ginger Lynn Haddock is 23, 5 foot, 3½ inches tall, 120 lbs., and has blue eyes and brown hair. She moved from Bakersfield, Calif., to Los Angeles six years ago. She has one son 4 years old. She enjoys all country music, loves animals, is full of life and lots of love. She was submitted by her father, Al Ledbetter.



Anne Ezell, 15, of Gaston, North Carolina, is a country fan. Her favorite singers are Dolly Parton and Hank Williams. She enjoys horseback riding and roller skating. She also enjoys to sew. She is active in her school's drama club, newspaper club and is a student office worker in the personnel department at her school. She is interested in helping people and meeting the public. She also works at a drugstore part time. She was entered by a friend, David Jones.

Joanne Barnett is an 18-year-old senior in high school, a cheerleader and editor of her school's yearbook. She sings in her church choir, which her dad directs. She got a chance to meet Johnny Cash recently when he appeared in Rochester, going backstage while Cash cut a TV promotion. She was submitted by Dave Diamond.

Country Cutie Winner



According to her mother, Patti Lynn Brindley has loved country music since she was born 20 years ago. A real country cutie, Patti's favorite performers are Marty Robbins, Conway Twitty, Loretta Lynn, Crystal Gayle, Randy Barlow, Ernie Lynn and countless others. She loves country style dancing, horses and her husband, Jerry. Patti lives in Starks, La., and was entered by her mother, Barbara Bryant, of Albuquerque, N.M.

COUNTRYSTYLE CUTIE CONTEST

WIN A WINDJAMMER CRUISE FOR TWO

Want to see your lady's picture printed in CountryStyle . . . and have a chance to win a Windjammer vacation for two?

Just send us a photo of your best gal: wife, girl friend, waitress—we don't care.

Each issue we'll print pictures sent in by our readers and automatically enter the ladies in our sensational CountryStyle Cutie contest.

We'll feature one winner an issue. Each automatically will become a finalist and—after 10 finalists are chosen—you, our reader, will select the top Country Cutie.

The winner will receive an expense paid, surprise two week vacation for two.

Send your gal's photo in now, together with the signed release below. to: CountryStyle CUTIE, 11058 Addison St., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131.

P.S.: Gals, if you want to send us a photo of your man, go right ahead. We'll enter the guys, too, in our CountryStyle Cutie contest.



Deborah Ketchum of Corning, New York, is a 20-year-old brunette who really enjoys outdoor country-bluegrass concerts. Her favorite country group is the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and her favorite single singer is Tammy Wynette. She also enjoys going to nearby Watkins Glen to see the Grand Prix. During the winter, she watches her favorite hockey team, the Buffalo Sabres. The photo was taken by her fiancé, Mark Spaulding of Painted Post, New York.

Gloria Ann Castillo, 20, is married and has one child. Gloria was born in Cuero, Texas. Her favorite country stars are Loretta Lynn and Johnny Cash. She likes dancing, singing, traveling, and music. She hopes to become a model one of these days. To her friends and family she's the most beautiful person in Victoria Texas.



Raised on a farm, Adma Bedran loves rodeos and horseback riding. She is 21 years old, lives in Los Angeles, and is crazy about country music. She loves Loretta Lynn and Waylon Jennings. Adma listens to radio station KLAC and her favorite DJ is Dick Haynes. She was submitted by her cousin, Anthony Bedran.

CUTIE CONTEST MODEL RELEASE

Enclosed is a photo of my favorite 'Country Cutie.'

She is (name) _____

And is (age) _____ (Please Print Clearly)

Her occupation is _____ (wife, girlfriend, friend, etc.)

I hereby give CountryStyle Magazine the absolute right and permission to copyright and/or publish, or use photographic portraits or pictures of me, or in which I may be included in whole or in part, or composite or distorted in character or form, in conjunction with my own or a fictitious name, or reproductions thereof in color or otherwise, made through any media at its studios or elsewhere, for art, advertising, trade, or any other lawful purpose whatsoever.

I hereby waive any right that I may have to inspect and/or approve the finished product or the advertising copy that may be used in connection therewith, or the use to which it may be applied. I hereby release, discharge, and agree to save CountryStyle Magazine from any liability by virtue of any blurring, distortion, alteration, optical illusion, or use in composite form, whether intentional or otherwise, that may occur or be produced in the taking of said pictures, or in any processing tending toward the completion of the finished product.

PLEASE NOTE: In order to publish your photograph, both the release and the back of the photo must be signed. Date _____

Model's Signature _____

Area Code _____ Phone Number _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Photographer's Signature _____

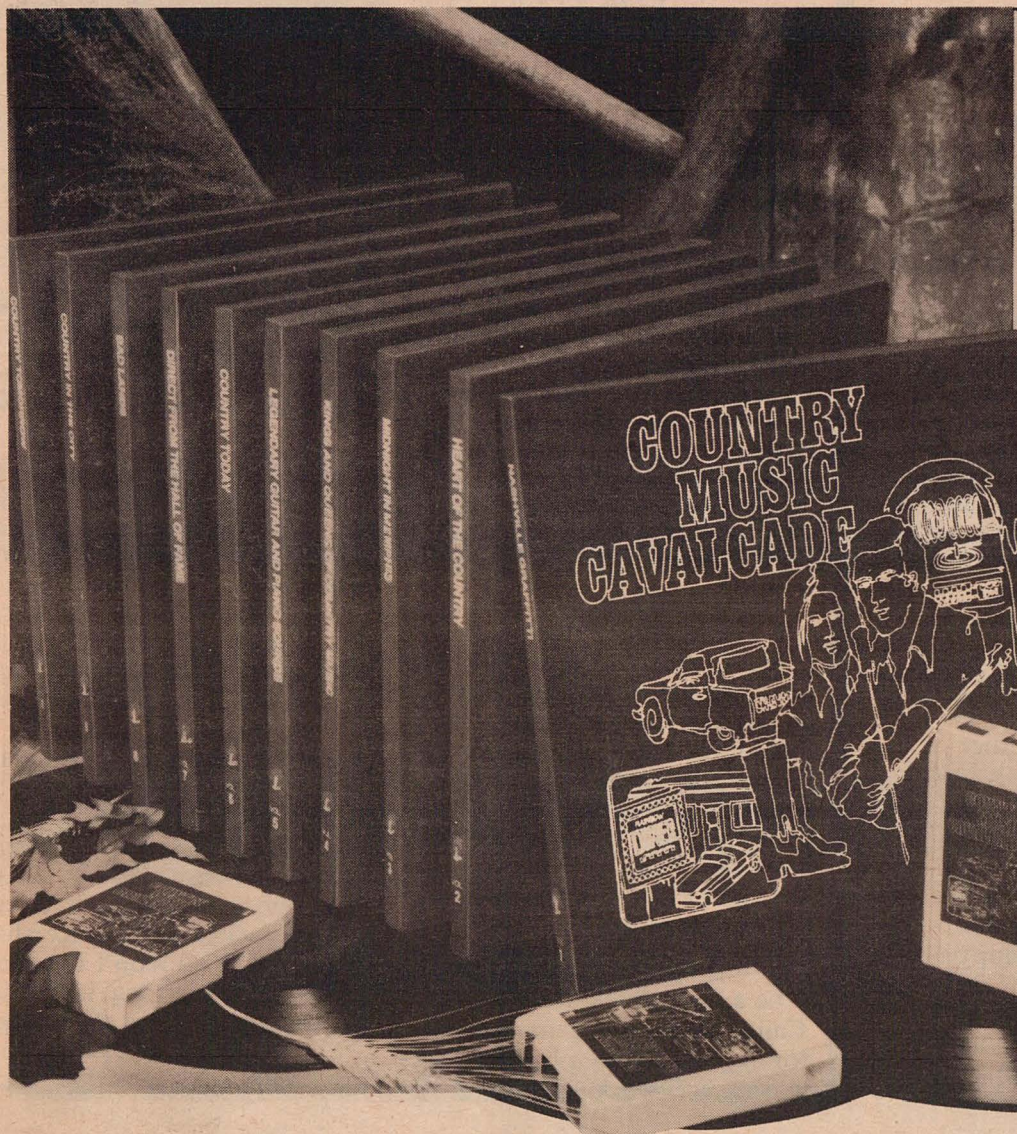
Please use a separate sheet of paper to tell us (in 100 words or less) something about your CountryStyle Cutie entry that you believe would be interesting to CountryStyle readers.



Candlelite Music Inc. proudly presents

Country Music Cavalcade

The first and only complete Country Music Treasury ever assembled.
12 star-studded volumes—and the first one is yours FREE!



All The Great Country Artists Are Here

Conway Twitty • Roy Orbison • Everly Brothers • Jerry Lee Lewis
• Hank Williams • Charlie Rich • Tammy Wynette • Roger Miller • Jimmy Dean • Marty Robbins • Patti Page • Dicky Lee • Kay Starr • Eddy Arnold
• George Jones • Guy Mitchell • Ricky Nelson • Dean Martin • The Browns
• Dolly Parton • Jim Reeves • Johnny Cash • Ray Price • Tom T. Hall
• Chet Atkins • Glen Campbell • Gene Autry • Hank Williams, Jr. • Ferlin Husky • Connie Francis • Sonny James • Tennessee Ernie Ford • Tommy Edwards • Floyd Cramer • June Carter Cash • Legendary Carter Family
• Johnny Horton • Bobby Bare • Carl Perkins • Faron Young • Donna Fargo
• Bobby Helms • Roy Acuff • Jimmy Clanton • Ray Peterson • Marvin Rainwater • Stonewall Jackson • Wayne Newton

All Your Favorite "Country Hall Of Fame" Songs Are Here

"I Can't Stop Loving You" • "For The Good Times" • "Honey"
• "Me And Bobby McGhee" • "Homeward Bound" • "If I Were A Carpenter"
• "Please Help Me I'm Falling" • "Crying In The Rain" • "Wings Of A Dove"
• "Jambalaya (On The Bayou)" • "Crying In The Chapel" • "You Win Again"
• "I Can't Help It If I'm Still In Love With You" • "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" • "Secret Love"
• "Sincerely" • "You'll Never Walk Alone" • "Crazy" • "Everybody's Somebody's Fool"
• "I Fall To Pieces" • "Memphis Tennessee" • "500 Miles (Away From Home)" • "Ain't That A Shame"
• "I'd Be A Legend In My Time" • "Treat Me Nice" • "Please Mr. Sun"
• "A Fool Such As I (Now And Then There's)" • "City Light" • "Lonely Weekend"
• "Moments To Remember" • "Last Date" • "Oh, Lonesome Me" • "Release Me"
• "Heartaches By The Number" • "Sunday Morning Coming Down"
• "Amazing Grace" • "Scarlet Ribbons" • "Piece In The Valley"
• "Oh Happy Day" • "I Believe" • "You Are My Sunshine"
• "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down" •

Hundreds upon hundreds of priceless recordings in all!

ORIGINAL ARTISTS—ORIGINAL HITS!

Come and join us on a rare and exciting sound trip to the heart of America—the birthplace of our very own music! Here is an unprecedented legendary country music song collection—your own "Grand Ole Opry"—featuring the best of country music from yesterday and today, performed by the great country stars who gave these songs life!

It's a once-in-a-lifetime collector's edition!

Here is a treasury you couldn't find and buy in any store at any price! No record collection is complete without this fantastic cross-section of Americana!

Let your emotions take flight with the sentimentality of *Take Me Home, Country Roads*... the haunting refrains of *Release Me*... the joy of *My Special Angel*... the melancholy of *Help Me Make It Through The Night*... the spirit of *King of the Road*... and literally hundreds more million-selling songs by all the great country artists... names like Johnny Cash, Conway Twitty, Hank Williams, Glen Campbell, Chet Atkins, Jim Reeves, Charlie Rich, Roger Miller and Tammy Wynette, to name a few.

Authentic Golden Treasury Library Series

Each volume of COUNTRY MUSIC CAVALCADE features a different theme: *Heart of the Country*... *Midnight in Memphis*... *Kings and Queens of Country Music*... *Legendary Guitars and Piano Sounds*... and more. Your choice of 3 records or 2 8-track tapes are packaged in a handsome, gold-lettered presentation case that locks out dust and dirt. Choose the handsome blue-denim look, or the deluxe limited collector's edition in a hand-crafted leather look for \$1 more per volume.

Audition each VOLUME FREE for 10 days!

To sample the flavor of this one-of-a-kind musical library, simply complete and return the Free Volume Certificate. You'll receive Volume 1, NASHVILLE GRAFFITI, as a free gift. Future volumes will then be sent to you on approval, to keep or return as you wish after a 10-day audition. No minimum purchase is required, and Volume 1 is yours to keep in any case. This fabulous collector's item is available only through this offer, so return your Free Volume Certificate today!



Yours FREE—Volume One!

NASHVILLE GRAFFITI—the finest collection of ballads, rock and down-home country songs that have rolled out of Nashville and into your hearts! Relive again such wonderful memories as the late Johnny Horton's *North to Alaska* and *The Battle of New Orleans*... Marty Robbins' *Don't Worry ('Bout Me)* and *A White Sport Coat and a Pink Carnation*... Johnny Cash's *Guess Things Happen That Way*—the song that made him a teen idol! It's all here—your own personal collection of the Nashville you love! You'll thrill again and again to *Singing The Blues*... *Devil Woman*... *Big Bad John*... *Since I Met You Baby*... *Waterloo*... and many more! Volume 1 of COUNTRY MUSIC CAVALCADE is yours to keep with our compliments. There are no catches, no strings—it's truly a fantastic FREE offer!

Free Volume Certificate



Country Music Cavalcade
A Service of Candlelite Music Inc.
6 Commercial St., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801

This certificate entitles me to receive—as a FREE gift—Volume 1, Nashville Graffiti, of the 12 volume collection, COUNTRY MUSIC CAVALCADE.

I understand that I am under no obligation to buy anything at any time, but as a subscriber, I will be notified of all future shipments. I may reject any shipment or cancel my subscription by notifying you before the shipment date shown on the invoice accompanying my advance shipment notice.

After receiving my first volume, if you do not hear from me, you may send me one volume every other month after that, to enjoy in my home free for 10 days. I may return any volume at your expense and owe nothing. Bill me for only those volumes I keep at the rate of one volume every other month, at the low price of just \$8.98† for three records, \$9.98 for two tapes (plus a small charge for shipping and processing). I may cancel at any time by writing to you.

I prefer ☐ DENIM-LOOK EDITION ☐ LEATHER-LOOK EDITION†
Please check one only: ☐ STEREO RECORDS ☐ 8-TRACK TAPES

☐ Mr. _____
☐ Mrs. _____
☐ Miss _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

() area code Phone _____ Signature _____

Sales tax added for N.Y. residents Offer expires 8/1/77
Limit one subscription per household. All applications subject to review and we reserve the right to reject any application. Copyright 1976 - CMI Sales
†\$1 more for leather-look edition.

124

COUNTRY STYLE®

Rates

Best

THE MARSHALL TUCKER BAND Carolina Dreams

**Marshall Tucker Band
CAROLINA DREAMS
Capricorn CPK 0180**

From one who has been trying to get the flute solo from "Heard It In A Love Song" out of his mind for a month, be forewarned:

"Carolina Dreams" is a killer. A few harmless listens and The Big Hook's gotcha playing this over and over. The Spartanburg six have been dreaming some lately and the result is the most cohesive Marshall Tucker album yet. As always the interplay between Jerry Eubanks' flute and Toy "Fastest Thumb in the West" Caldwell's stylish lead guitar defines the MTB sound, a sound that reaches a new zenith with "Heard It In A Love Song," a Toy Caldwell tune.

"I Should Have Never Started Lovin' You" is the blues number of the set, highlighting Doug Gray's soulful vocals against a richer R and B backing that hints of Elvin Bishop or Blood, Sweat and Tears. It's a short seven minutes long (no small feat these days), and they repeat it with the six-minute "Desert Skies," a delightful western swing influenced tune that evokes such prairie classics as "Cool Water" and "Tumblin' Tumbleweeds."

Tommy Caldwell's "Never Trust A Stranger" is a haunting western saga that similarly reminds one of "Ghost Riders In The Sky," while Toy's "Tell It To The Devil" has some mariachi influences. Pleasant dreams!

Up And Coming

**Bellamy Brothers
PLAIN AND FANCY
Warner Bros. BS 3034**

Appropriately titled, the brothers Bellamy deliver plain, straightforward pop ballads and rockers with a fancified Phil Gernhard production, which continues in the rich vein of "Let Your Love Flow." The pair writes enjoyable pop songs, Howard specializing in ballads and David preferring rock, showing a flair for catchy hooks and clean harmonies. The country cut here, the one that other performers are looking for, is not a Bellamy tune at all but Michael Leigh's "If It's So Easy."

Howard's "Maybe By Then" is his best here, a beautiful ballad that shows the brothers are capable of more than happy rock. Ditto for his "Tiger Lily Lover." "Can Somebody Hear Me Now" almost survives the onslaught of strings that Gernhard ladles on generously throughout. What one would like to see from the Bellamys is more band and less orchestra. Certainly the lush orchestration makes for a more widely acceptable sound—commonly referred to as cross-over appeal—but a trimmer, leaner production would give the pair the lasting audience (whether rock or country) that one suspects their talent merits.

BELLAMY BROTHERS

Plain & Fancy

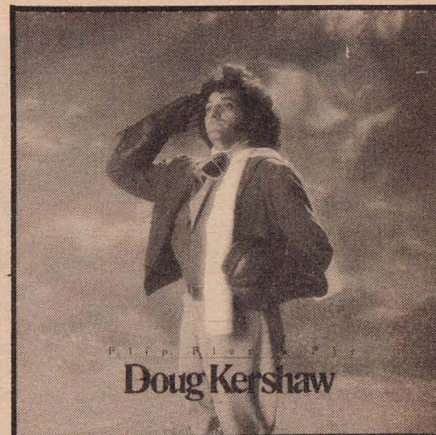


**Doug Kershaw
FLIP, FLOP & FLY
Warner Bros. BS 3025**

Buy this album, put on side two and stand back. The first three cuts are killers, the second three merely great. Kershaw has taken the shotgun approach with material and arrangements here, hoping to reach a cross-section of musical tastes. Not usually a wise choice for established country artists, for Kershaw it works perfectly: this is his most enjoyable set to date, an uneven side one notwithstanding. "I'm Walkin'," the Fats Domino classic, launches side two swinging along with some insistent "wah-wah" guitar backing and Kershaw's seesawing fiddle work.

He follows up with John D. Loudermilk's "Bad News," a bluesy standard that transports the listener to a steamy—no sweltering—Louisiana swamp. Mac Rabennack, a.k.a. Dr. John, shows why he's the premier keyboard man of the swampland, laying down the musical carpet on which guitarist Jimmy Nalls (of Sea Level) supplies the waka-ja-waka embroidery.

"Black Rose" proves to be a fine vehicle for Kershaw's Cajun tastes. It is generally risky for anyone to cut a Beatles rock-



er, and Kershaw took the risk with "I'm A Loser," with fairly good results. "Kershaw's Two-Step" follows, a nod to his Cajun roots, and the side is wrapped up with "Roly Poly," the Fred Rose swing tune that again showcases Rabenneck and some power fiddling from the "Ragin' Cajun."

For the uneven first side, Kershaw remains faithful to The Band's version of "Rag, Mama, Rag," and therefore fails to add to that boogie tune. Despite a guest spot by Elvin Bishop, the title cut doesn't do much flying either, sounding a bit lethargic for a rocker. In fact, Kershaw's own "You Won't Let Me," a nice hurting song, is the side's highlight. All in all, though, a most enjoyable album.

**Gene Watson
PAPER ROSIE
Capitol ST-11597**

Capitol Records is one of the nation's great record companies, yet for years it has had trouble getting hits on Nashville artists. Glen Campbell, Merle Haggard, Buck Owens and Freddie Hart are all California based, although Freddie is Nashville produced. With Merle and Buck gone, it is especially important that Capitol's country office in Nashville come up with some hitmakers.

One of the more promising of Nashville's solo acts is Gene Watson, whose recording of "Love On A Hot Afternoon" took him to the top of the charts not very long ago. Watson is a beautiful singer, sometimes laid back, sometimes expressive, always impressive. Looking over the tunes on this album it is obvious that he and/or his producer Russ Reeder roamed far and wide

searching for material. No two songs are written by the same writer. There are some old songs and new songs, and they're all good songs, but their search has failed to turn up anything new and exciting. Nevertheless, it does showcase Gene Watson, without gimmicks, well produced and into his material, and when a man can sing like Gene Watson, that makes a record worth hearing.

**GENE WATSON
Paper Rosie**

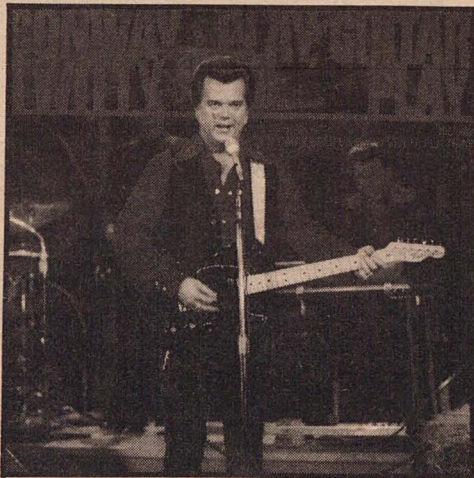


The Records

Bets

Conway Twitty PLAY, GUITAR PLAY MCA-2262

There it is again, that natural voice, now bluesy, now soft and sexy, now breaking with emotion. Conway Twitty sings country like Bobby Unser drives race cars—naturally. The “High Priest” slips it in second gear for this go-round, a mixed bag featuring the title hit and his previous chart topper, “I Can’t Believe She Gives It All To Me,” with some interesting treatments to “Wolverton Mountain” and “Memphis.” Feeling a little stifled by the old main course of country? Try this old rockabilly’s version of the Motown classic “(She’s) Some Kind Of Wonderful,” a ramblin’ tune that Twitty pulls off on the strength of those ageless pipes of his. He jazzes up “Wolverton Mountain” a bit, jumping into it with only bass and cymbal-brushing accompaniment, building to a crescendo that would send old man Cloward running. Or how about the beer barrel polka “A Song For Ruby,” a



tongue-in-cheek tribute to a Tootsie’s Orchid Lounge regular? His recent hit “The Letter,” a part-narrative tearjerking paean to unrequited love, might be a bit schmaltzy for some and Twitty’s version of Danny O’Keefe’s “Good Time Charlie’s Got The Blues” adds little to the original, but the rest of this set makes “Play, Guitar Play” one of the best from Twitty in some time. Producer Owen Bradley has a way of bringing out the man behind the songs, allowing Twitty the freedom to choose the varied material included here.

Mickey Newbury RUSTY TRACKS ABC AH-44002

One of the greats carrying on his winning ways, Mickey Newbury delivers another helping of what might as well be called “Tunes You’ll See On The Stars’ Albums Real Soon.” Produced by Bobby Bare and Ronnie Gant and featuring a Who’s Who of Nashville as session players, Newbury’s tender voice and Alan Moore’s arrangements give first rate treatment to the best half-dozen (coincidentally the Newbury originals) here. To start with the best, “Makes Me Wonder If I Ever Said Good-Bye” is one of his finest hurtin’ songs, augmented by some terrific fiddle work by Buddy Spicher. “Bless Us All” is almost a hymn, sung out of strength rather than weakness. You’re bound to hear a number of the younger pickers around pick up on “Hand Me Another Of



Those,” again a hurtin’ song, with a catchy line, “Hand me another, let me swallow that mother.” Side two is comprised mostly of familiar standards, “Shenandoah,” “That Lucky Old Sun,” “Danny Boy” and “In The Pines.” Far from throwaways, though the strength of this album lies in Newbury’s songwriting and arranging.



Tanya Tucker RIDIN’ RAINBOWS MCA-2253

From the cover picture of a sexy, sloe-eyed Tanya to the lush string arrangements on the vinyl itself, “Ridin’ Rainbows” exudes slickness. This disc is Tanya Tucker’s most pop effort to date, with an eye on the young male pop audience. Hard country fans may be disappointed to find only “It’s a Cowboy’s Lovin’ Night” to their taste, “White Rocket” comes off like an Elton John song, and is typical of the problems with several of the other string arranged songs. Like a French pastry, the strings are just too much of a good thing. Tanya sounds best when her country wail punches out the lyrics to Dave Loggins’ funky “Wait Till Daddy Finds Out” or Sonny Throckmorton’s “Knee Deep in Loving You.” These hard-edged numbers should showcase her torchy stage act just fine.

The Correctone Stringband BLACK-EYED SUZIE Swallowtail ST-6

One is understandably leery of album liner notes that credit “all selections Public Domain,” not because old tunes cannot strike our flints but because it takes more than your standard garage band to set them aflame. Meet The Correctone Stringband, your standard garage band. Make that a barn band, as surely these six guys are rural-recluse chic, probably in upstate New York. No matter, this set sounds like upstate New York rural recluse chic, from the careless vocals to the incessant whining of the twin fiddles. Nothing sets this album apart from other uninspiring bluegrass sets, save perhaps that it is dedicated to a goat.

Speaking Of Singles

Makin’ Believe THE KENDALLS Ovation Records

This old Kitty Wells’ hit has a new vitality in the hands of a refreshing sounding duo. There’s production here, with some tasteful mandolin, electric lead guitar, and some of the finest country harmony you’ll ever want to hear. If the disc jockeys will give a fair shake to a comeback act on a relatively unknown label, this could be a hit. It ought to be. It’s a great record.

Chickie Williams THE WORLD’S MEANEST MOTHER Doxx

This makes “Teddy Bear” sound like a tough truck driving song. Absolutely the worst record you’ll hear this year. Not a doubt about that. The spoken word has reached its low ebb.

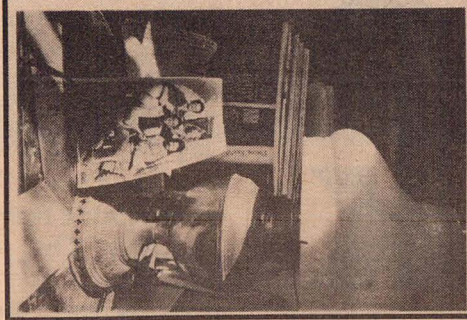
Bonnie Nelson LUCKY CHICAGO Bonnie Nelson

As a lunchtime easy listener, this is OK, an uptempo anthem to loving the roving businessman. Miss Nelson’s vocals are pretty stiff, but the single is not without a redeeming melody and some handy guitar breaks.

Marshall Tucker Band HEARD IT IN A LOVE SONG Capricorn

This should be a monster hit by the time you read this, on both the pop and country charts. The Toy Caldwell composition, featuring an infectious flute solo by Jerry Eubanks and the free-flowing Caldwell lead guitar, again combines diverse musical influences (jazz, country, mariachi) into what, for want of a better term, has been dubbed southern rock.

THE CORRECTONE STRINGBAND BLACK-EYED SUZIE



Rare Breed Of Horse Trainer

By JACK WILLIAMS

Copley News Service

RAMONA, Calif.—It stands there, encased in a valley of rock-speckled hills, like a misplaced sombrero on a green-felt table.

"El Cortijo Andaluz," it is called, a bullring right in the heart of a residential community. A bullring that never has housed a bull—only dreams, visions and memories.

It is here, at the International Equestrian Center, that film producer, horse trainer, bullfighter Budd Boetticher celebrates the glory of the Andalusian horse, a breed of Portuguese and Spanish that is among the most prized and beautiful creatures on four legs.

He has 14 of his 17 steeds here, a fortune in horseflesh. And Boetticher—one of the foremost producers of bullfight movies in the world—indulges his passions from time to time with simulated exhibitions of rejoneo, the art of fighting bulls on horseback.

At 57, with a string of 58 motion pictures to his credit in more than 30 years, Boetticher can afford such a hobby, such a demanding diversion.

He also can afford to devote time to a motion picture career seemingly light-years away from the glamor and glitter and gut-rending pressures of Hollywood.

"For a long time," he said, "I figured a film producer and director had to live in Hollywood. But, you know, that's a lot of c---."

"If I'd stayed there I'd be dead. It's a tough life there."

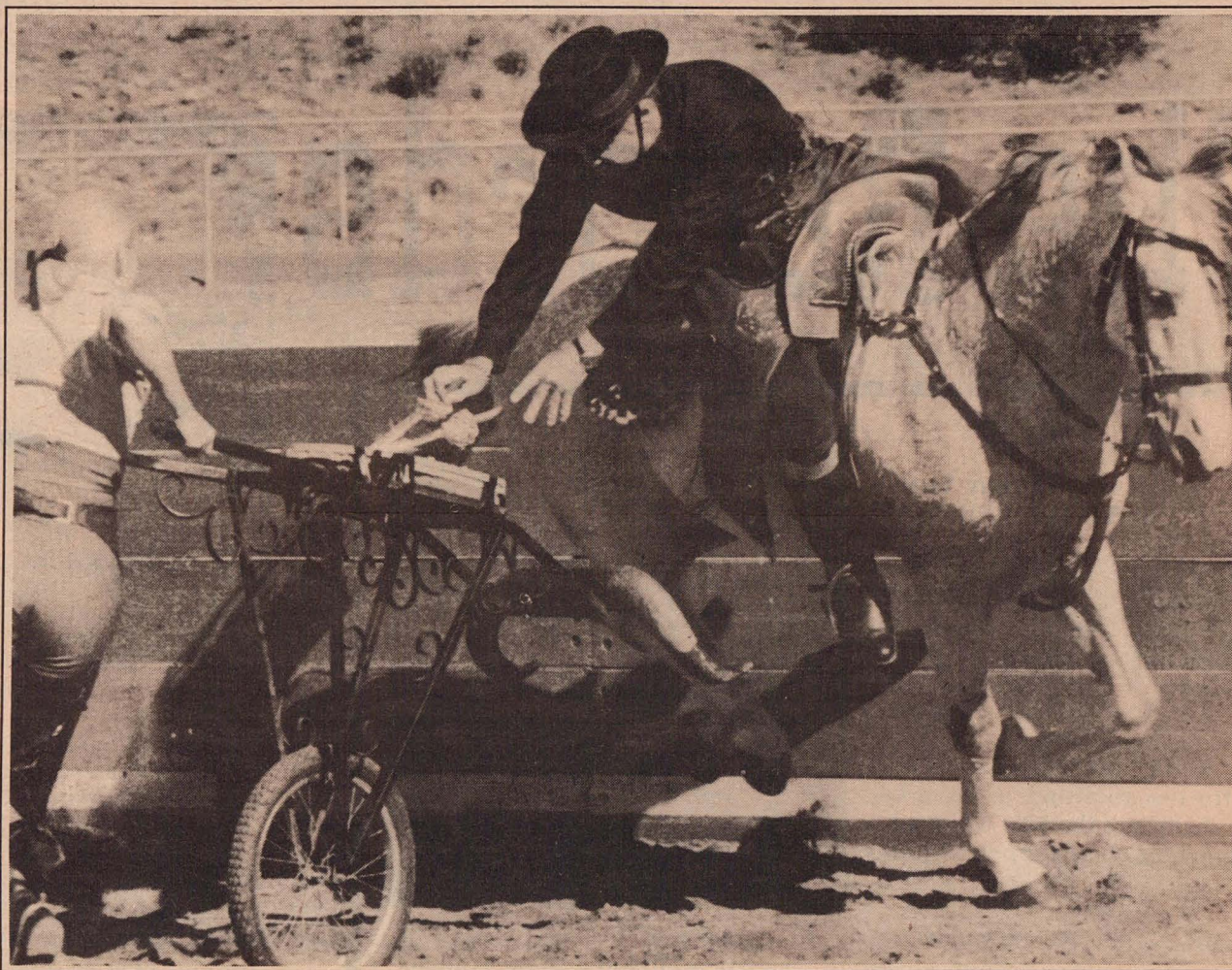
"You take their money and make the pictures they (the studios) want. Or you can make your own pictures and deals, which is what I'm doing now."

"The successful director is one who is happy. When you're happy you don't look as old."

Boetticher, fair-haired and taut (at 175 pounds he is 30 pounds lighter than his days as an Ohio State athlete), is possessed of a youthful exuberance and energy.

When Boetticher came to the Ramona area 18 months ago, his bullring, which he had constructed in Santa Monica, came along, too.

So did his wife of four and a half years, Mary, a



Budd Boetticher demonstrates the art of rejoneo—bullfighting on horseback—with the aid of his wife, Mary, who operates a carretia with a bull's horns to simulate a live bull.

former public relations director for the Ice Follies. She now is an accomplished equestrienne who, through Boetticher's persistence and cajoling, has overcome a fear of horses.

The Boettichers give the impression they are as content and at home here as the ducks that occupy a pond in front of their bullring.

Boetticher sat back the other day in his knotty pine-paneled den, amid all the memorabilia that spans a generation of filmdom and bullfighting, and talked as much about the future as the past.

"I've written three scripts for movies I'm looking forward to producing," he said. "Two are westerns and one is based on my life with Mary."

"It's a love story, really—but also a documentary on how I've collected my horses and what I've done with my life."

Originally, Boetticher considered James Caan for the lead role.

"But his agent," he said, "wanted me to pay him

\$1 million for the picture—and more for the time he would need to learn how to ride. Shoot, I thought he should have paid me \$500,000 for the lessons."

Much of the story will be based on the Boettichers' problems in bringing "Califa," their prized stallion used for rejoneo, from Mexico.

Boetticher purchased the horse from Gaston Santos, Mexico's ranking rejoneador. Due to a blood disorder, the Department of Agriculture would not permit the animal into the country.

"It took us 10 months to get the horse over here," Boetticher said.

"A doctor in North Carolina eventually came up with a serum that eliminated the disorder."

"Califa is the greatest bullfighting horse I've ever seen. He's been in 28 corridas. And, I'll tell you, if he weren't that good I could have been gored many times."

Boetticher's bullfighting hobby, which he indulges occasionally in festivals south of the border, was once much more than that.

"When I was 19," he recalled, "I wanted to be a bullfighter in Mexico City, where I was recuperating from a football injury."

One thing led to another, and Lorenzo Garza, one of the leading matadors of the era, soon was giving Boetticher lessons. On foot. The horseback days didn't come until later.

This experience, Boetticher said, became the basis for his movie, "The Bullfighter And The Lady," starring Robert Stack.

"The first time I faced a bull, in the stockyards in Mexico City," said Boetticher, "my banderillero was a 17-year-old kid named Carlos Arruza."

"I got to know him pretty well because he was anxious to try out his broken English on an American."

Arruza, as it turned out, became the greatest Mexican bullfighter of his generation before his death in an auto accident 10 years ago at the age of 42.

A movie on Arruza's life, "Arruza," was produced, directed and written by Boetticher. It has made the rounds of major movie houses despite its controversial (for the United States) subject matter.

LOOK

What's Coming In COUNTRYSTYLE

★ Olivia Newton-John is wholesome, rosy-cheeked fun fun fun. So what if she's not country?

★ 1958 was a year of change and heartbreak for America's newest teen idol, but Elvis Presley became a man.

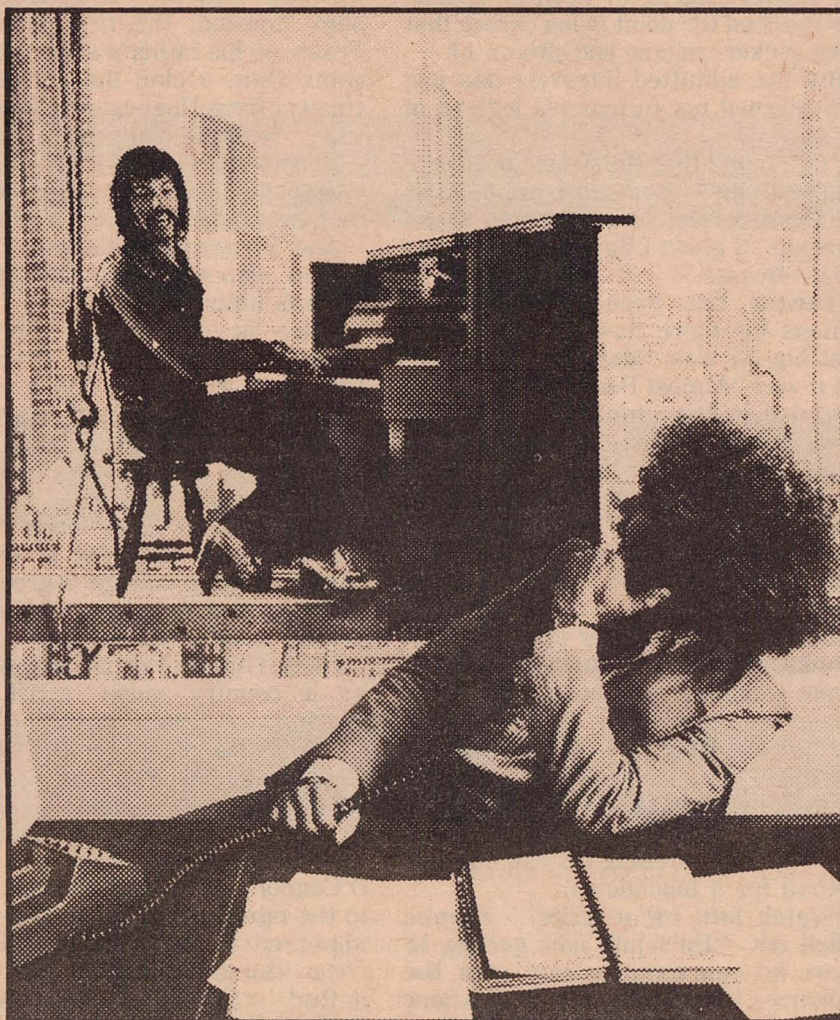
★ It's been a long, hard ride for the Marshall Tucker band, but the group's honest music is paying off.

★ It was like a fairy tale, the trip, and for Barbara Mandrell the 12-day Arabian Odyssey was a dream come true.

★ Everybody but Jed Clampett is poor in Bluegrass Land, an essay exploring the music's background and popularity.

Get issue No. 17 on your favorite newsstand. Better still, fill out the handy subscription form elsewhere in this copy and make sure you get **CountryStyle** regularly. That way you won't miss an issue if your dealer happens to be sold out.

Four ways to get someone in the music business to listen to your song.



The Alternative is the 1977 American Song Festival®

Instead of going to ridiculous lengths to get a music business heavy to hear your song, enter it in the 4th Annual American Song Festival songwriting competition. We'll guarantee your song will be heard. **At least twice.** And by the "right" people. Because the right people serve as our judges. They're producers, music executives, artists and publishers.

All you need is a song. You don't have to write music, because all entries are submitted on tapes. And there are categories for all kinds of music.

If you want to be in the music business and not just read about it, this could be the break you've been looking for.

Over the past three years, more than \$330,000 in cash prizes have been awarded. But even more important, there's a chance to advance your career with recording and publishing contracts. That's what happened to many of our past entrants. This year it could happen to you.

Yes, I am interested in finding out more about the 1977 American Song Festival. Please send me complete information and an Official Entry Form.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

Mail to: The American Song Festival
5900 Wilshire Blvd. West Pavilion
Los Angeles, CA 90036

Phone (213) 937-7370



CS-1

A presentation of Sterling Recreation Organization © 1976 American Song Festival, Inc.

David Houston

It's Taken Some Time And Practice, But He's Learned Not To Fear His Legions Of Fans



By JOHN MOULDER

David Houston, one of the all-time big moneymakers in country music, has reached the point in his career that most picker-singers just dream of.

But the admitted introvert has just now learned not to fear his legions of fans.

"I've found that the people out there won't bite me," the handsome, 40-year-old Bossier City, La., man told *CountryStyle*. "I guess I have overcome my basic shyness."

Houston has been internationally famous for more than a decade. His first big hit was "Mountain of Love," but it was "Almost Persuaded" that he recorded in the summer of 1966 that made Houston one of the hottest properties in country music.

Since then, Houston has had 16 No. 1 hits in all, including "Baby, Baby," "I Do My Swinging at Home," "A Woman Always Knows" and "After Closing Time."

Houston's manager is Tillman Franks, a legendary Nashville country music promoter who once guided the careers of Claude ("Wolverton Mountain") King and the late Johnny Horton.

Franks watched Houston perform at an Austin, Texas, nightclub recently like a father watching his son carry a football for a touchdown.

"Watch him for a while!" Franks called out. "He's just now getting to where he can communicate with the audience. I've finally got him where he's coming across to the people."

Franks explained, and David agreed, that Houston has always had difficulty communicating with audiences. It had appeared Houston had been singing for himself, not addressing himself to his audiences.

Franks has been Houston's manager for 14 years but his enthusiasm is greater than ever. "This is a different David Houston," Franks said. "This is a different David Houston than people have seen before. See him up there. He's looking at the people out here. He's come to work for these people. Watch him!"

Houston was performing that night at the Dessau Hall, a country music palace that has been in continuous operation for 100 years. As a teenager, Houston had played the club on a bill with Slim Whitman 22 years ago. Generations of music fans had courted in the old nightclub—and some marriages have been performed there.

The singer joined Franks at a table between sets, signed some autographs, smoked a cigaret, and said:

"I want to record my next album here. How does this sound for a title: 100 Years at Dessau Hall?"

Houston said he will record his next Epic album early this year. "It will contain some new material and we may go back and pull some old songs."

The tall, soft-spoken star, dressed in a gray western-style leisure suit, was shy during an interview. He doesn't enjoy talking about himself.

He said he had once traced his family tree and found he was a descendant of Sam Houston, the first governor of Texas, on his father's side. "My father came from a clan that came to this country from Hughestown, Scotland, in 1630," Houston claimed.

Houston said he has learned that he is a descendant of Robert E. Lee on his mother's side.

And Houston's godfather was Gene Austin, who sold more than 88 million records himself.

When he was in his early teens, Houston sang on the "Louisiana Hayride." And while still a teenager, Houston took to the road with a couple of other young singers trying to break into country music—Elvis Presley and Johnny Cash.

He graduated from high school in 1956 and took time out of his music career to get a college degree. "I was in the insurance business for about six years," said Houston. Then he teamed up with Tillman Franks and his career as a country music artist started soaring.

Now he's a regular on the Grand Ole Opry and has represented country music on the "Tonight Show," "Merv Griffin," a Johnny Cash special, the "Lawrence Welk" show, the "Donald O'Connor" show and a special tribute to the late Spade Cooley. Houston has appeared in the John Wayne movie "The Horse Soldiers" and a spoof called "Cotton Pickin' Chicken Pickers."

Houston travels about 350,000 miles per year in his Silver Eagle bus. "I'm working between 270 and 280 days a year," he said. "I play a lot of clubs and a lot of stage shows. I like to do both. I just like to play."

Houston's music is biscuits-and-gravy country, but he does enjoy the modern turns country music is taking.

"I like what is called progressive country," said Houston, "but I don't know where that name came from, do you? A lot of music that I hear that they call progressive seems to me to be old Bob Wills music. But Waylon and Willie have a sound of their own and I like it."

Houston, who describes himself as "a fairly religious man," had a hit album last year composed entirely of spirituals.

He appears frequently on the PTL Club, a religion-oriented, late-night, syndicated television show.

Though he's not home for long at a time, Houston fancies himself as a homebody and a family man who likes to make hunting and fishing trips when he can.

Houston returned to the stage and with his band, The Persuaders, began singing a Hank Williams song.

His manager, Franks, listened closely to determine whether Houston was making any mistakes. "I'll tell you one thing," Franks said. "He's successful now, but that boy up there on that stage is going to be a superstar. I'll promise you that."

A Candid Interview With

By JAMES NEFF

Loretta
Lynn

She's as bright in mood as her flowered dress when we meet in her dressing room after a concert before 4,000 worshiping fans. It's Sunday night and Loretta Lynn, the 40-year-old country superstar, is surrounded by several Cherokee Indians who traveled far to hear her. Of Cherokee and Irish descent, she brought female liberation to the patriarchal Nashville world with controversial songs like "The Pill." But tonight her answers are cheerful and lighthearted, aimed more for her fans. But no matter. Earlier she talked at length with *CountryStyle* discussing her well-known private pains—her physical ailments and her rumored marital problems. Women look up to her as a heroine/victim. Her life and songs describe their own life struggles: Loretta's "Don't Come Home A-Drinkin' (With Lovin' on Your Mind)" warns the men that being drunk is hardly romantic; in "You Ain't Woman Enough To Take My Man" she lashes out at a would-be home-wrecker; her "One's on the Way" reflects bitterly that while jet-set women and movie stars might enjoy their lives "here in Topeka the roof is a-leakin', the rain is a-fallin', the kids keep a-squallin' — and one's on the way."

Born in Butcher Holler, Kentucky, to a coal-mining family, Loretta grew up in Appalachian poverty — no shoes, money or knowledge of the outside world. She married at 13 and was a mother of four by 18, and a grandmother at 29. She worked as a maid, a cook and a fruit picker. Yet for all her unhappiness with her husband, Mooney "Doolittle" Lynn (he kicked her out of the house soon after they were married and she was pregnant), it was he who browbeat her into making a stab at the Nashville big-time. The film "Nashville" is said to contain a thinly disguised portrait of Loretta and Mooney Lynn: Loretta as the skittish Barbara Jean who is assassinated on stage; Doolittle as her crude husband-manager who slaps his wife into performance.

Loretta's records, personal appearances, song royalties and book royalties from her best-selling autobiography will earn her an estimated \$3 million this year, and the end is not in sight. She is the most successful and recognizable female country singer, and in addition, Warner Books anticipates selling 1.5 million copies of her autobiography when it's sold in paperback this May. Since her book, she's reached even new heights of popularity, a lot coming from outside the country music audiences.

What could be more establishment than making Earl Blackwell's "Worst Dressed List," a sort of left-handed honor usually reserved for biggies like Raquel Welch and Queen Elizabeth. April is MCA Records' "Loretta Lynn Month" and she stars on Frank Sinatra's television special. "Coal Miner's Daughter" will be made into a movie and she may even play herself. Along with such trappings of superstardom come press attention to the small details of her life. Recently the Wall Street Journal reported that the singer stopped making ads for Amax Coal Company due to protests from the Mine Workers United. Such controversy appears to make her even more popular. Witness: Loretta's "The Pill" — a song trumpeting the merits of birth control for oft-pregnant women — was banned on 60 radio stations and denounced from the pulpits. It became one of her biggest sellers.

* * *

CountryStyle: You made a radio commercial for Amax, a coal company that received national attention when Tennessee denied it the right to strip mine in the state. Newspapers have reported that you stopped doing work for them because of pressure from the Mine Workers United, which threatened a boycott of your albums and book. Why?

Loretta Lynn: That was a bad deal. I didn't know what the deal was and they wanted me to do a commercial for them. And I thought well, heck, anything that's got anything to do with coal, it can't hurt me. Well, I did the commercial and all of a sudden I started getting letters in from all over saying I had sold my birthright. It wasn't union or something. I just



turned it over to my lawyer. I want to avoid doin' something like that cause I am a coal miner's daughter. Anything I do for coal, I want it to be done right. I want my daddy to be proud of me.

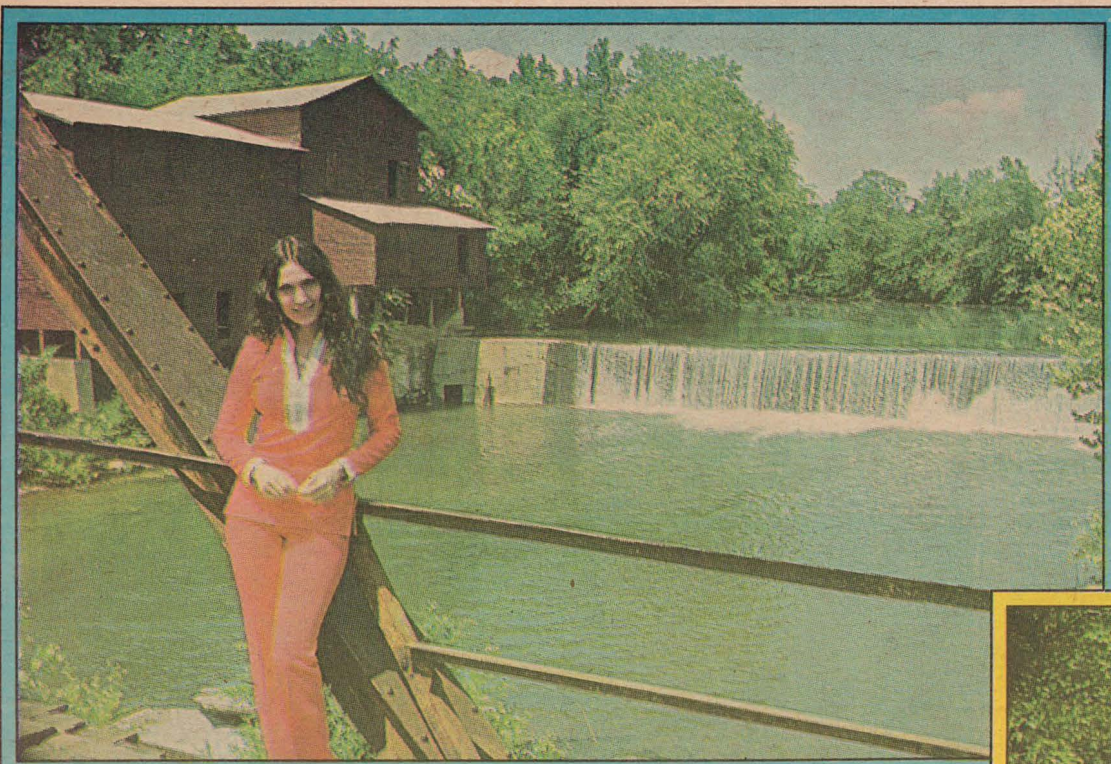
CS: How did you first get into the music business?

LL: Pretty bad. My babies had started to school. I was 23. My husband heard me singing to my baby sister. So one day he came in—he was a mechanic. He said, "Hey, you can sing as good as these other girls on the radio, so I think I'm gonna make you get out and make some money." And that's what he done. I didn't know how to talk to anybody. It was really hard on me.

CS: How were your early years of marriage?

LL: We was poor in those first 10 years or so of marriage, and Lord knows I worked as hard as anybody ever did, but I didn't mind none of that. What I minded was that marriage hadn't turned out how I thought it'd be. Now I know that it seldom ever does. Somebody once told me that you'd better be careful the way you start off a relationship 'cause that's the way it's likely to stay. But I heard that many years too late. In my case, Doo has been more than a husband, he's been a father, too, because when we married I was still a baby. At 13, I went from one father—my own—to another, my husband. And Doo kept it that way for many years. He used to tease to his

(Continued On Page 24)



Loretta Lynn Des

(Continued From Page 23)

friends that he'd gotten me young so he could raise me right.

CS: Why did you marry so young?

LL: I don't know. Doo said he wanted to get married, and that he had found what he wanted. So we got married. He was much older than me. I was just a teeny girl. Now when I got married I understood I had to take care of my husband—no matter how young I was. That didn't bother me. What bothered me most was what I had to put up with. I was never allowed to do anything. And that still holds true today. But now, I'm growing up, and

Doo's finding that I'm tired of a his permission for everything. If I to go to town, I just go. It hurts very much. That's why I stay on road so much. When I'm on the like now, I'm my own person. Doo like the road.

I didn't know nothin'. I had no what sex was like—scared me to death. I didn't think that a thing like sex cause me to have babies. All I did cry on my wedding night. The first thing I knew I was pregnant. 14 when Betty was born. By the time was 18, I had four babies of my Right after I got pregnant the time, Doolittle run me off and se

Conway Twitty's Following Is A Devoted Lot

By BILL HENDRICKS

FORT WORTH, Texas — Conway Twitty parted a curtain and exited off stage to thunderous applause here at the Tarrant County Convention Center. He lighted a cigaret, but took only a couple of puffs before dropping it to the concrete floor. Twitty moved on to his bus for a break as the audience of 10,000 took an intermission.

His discarded cigaret lay burning on the floor behind the stage. But it didn't go unnoticed by a fan, a woman who looked to be in her mid-40s.

A few moments earlier she had been sobbing almost hysterically as Twitty belted out one of his hit tunes. Now, she spied the smoldering cigaret.

Dabbing a handkerchief to her eyes, the woman summoned a teenaged boy, who was backstage, to the railing that kept her in the balcony seats.

She leaned over and whispered something in his ear. The youngster grinned and then retrieved the cigaret and handed it to her.

The woman inspected the cigaret briefly. She took a couple of puffs and then put out the fire with her fingertips.

And then she put the butt in her purse, a souvenir to be treasured, no doubt, for years.

After Twitty came back on stage, that same woman leaned over the balcony railing and bawled at almost every song.

That's the way many of Twitty's fans are. There aren't many teeny-

boppers, like those who follow Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings.

Conway Twitty fans are people a little older who have lived a bit. They identify with the broken loves and cheating husbands in his songs.

Twitty himself has said he had to live a little himself before he felt he could do country music honestly.

He appreciates the fans, like those who parted with \$8 each to hear and see him perform with Loretta Lynn in Fort Worth.

After he and Loretta signed autographs for more than an hour after the show, Twitty stood backstage and gestured back at the departing audience.

"People like that, that's what it's all about. Without them you could put away your pencil and I could put away my guitar. They make it all work."

That's one reason Twitty works so hard and long taking his music to the people. He is on tour 200 days a year and says he plans to continue his hectic schedule.

All his records sell well. At last count he had had 32 consecutive hit singles. So why does he keep touring?

"I think that's the reason they do so well," Twitty told *CountryStyle*. "We go around the country and for several days before we get there the disc jockeys play Conway Twitty songs and the people hear my name. They hear about me."

Twitty admits his nomadic life is hard for his wife.

"But she understands," he says. "She's been putting up with it for 20 years."



Top left, Loretta Lynn stands near the old mill on her Hurricane Mills, Tenn., spread. She bought the whole town — 1,450 acres — for \$220,000 and moved into the property's antebellum mansion in 1967. Since then she and her husband Doolittle, above, have refurbished the house and the town's post office and general store. Recently they turned down an offer for more than one million dollars. Right, Conway Twitty and Loretta with ever-present pens in hand, signing autographs backstage for fans.

Loretta And Conway, A Dynamite Duo

Loretta Lynn and Conway Twitty are in a Nashville studio recording their seventh album together. It's late, past 9 p.m., and Loretta is on the ninth take of a song.

"The more we do this thang, Conway, the more upsetter I get," she declares. "Let's put some honky-tonkin' in it."

"Aw, c'mon, Loretta, that won't work," Twitty replies.

"Well, better 'n nuthin'."

The two superstars don't always agree at first, but the critics and the fans certainly do. Since Conway and Loretta teamed up in 1969, they have become country music's most

successful singing pair. They've won the Country Music Association's vocal duo of the year five times!

Twitty can't really explain their chemistry. "We just happen to have that thing together, whatever it is," he shrugs. "We just sort of go together."

Unlike other country singing duos, Conway and Loretta record only one album and release one single per year. Even so, they consistently win the CMA award. Last summer they earned a No. 3 hit with "The Letter." Previous hit singles were "Feelings," "As Soon As I Hang Up The Phone," "Louisiana Woman,

scribes Her Struggle

asking
want
him
n the
road,
don't

idea
death.
would
I was
n, the
I was
ime I
own.
first
nt me

back to my mother. We hadn't been getting along. Then, we got back together again for about three weeks and then he left Kentucky for the State of Washington to find some work. So when I was seven months pregnant and 14 years old, I went out on this train to be with him. That was the first time I realized the world had any size to it at all. And it was a big shock seeing things I didn't know really existed. When I finally got to Washington, I had to work to take care of my family. We lived on a ranch, and I picked fruit, and cooked for the hands, and took care of other folks' kids. Things were still rough between Doo and me. He'd leave home—go away for a week or two without seeing me. I had to take it. That didn't mean I liked it. But what could I do? I had little babies and I knew nothing about birth control. I wasn't old enough for a decent job. I had to take a lot of bad stuff.

CS: You sound like you may resent those early years?

LL: When I look back on the first years of our marriage I can see it was unfair. I was totally dominated. But I didn't know any better. Even after I started performing, Doo wouldn't let me wear lipstick or pluck my eyebrows or wear high heels. It wasn't until I was on the Opry that I wore lipstick or high heels for the first time and I was past 25 then.

CS: How do you feel about divorce?

LL: I don't see anything wrong with divorce. I threatened to divorce Mooney once a couple of years ago, but when it got right down to it I realized I loved him, so I just decided I'd work

things out the best I could. Sometimes, when I'm real mad at him, I still think about it, but I can't see myself actually doing it. I guess I'm too dependent on him and I guess a part of me will always be a little girl to 'daddy.' But Doo was a stricter daddy than my own ever was and that caused a lot of problems with us when we was first married. I wasn't used to being ordered around. My own daddy was an easy-going man who never raised his voice to anyone. I never saw him do anything mean in my whole life. If we hadn't left Butcher Holler and moved to Washington I don't think I would have stayed married to Mooney. Every time we had a fight I'd go running home to Mommie and Daddy, and that's not good in a marriage. When he took me away from my home place I had to adjust to his way of life. I didn't have no other choice.

CS: How are things now?

LL: I've changed a lot in the last few years. I've learned to stick up for myself more and I'm not afraid to say some of the things to my husband that I would have been too scared to say 10 years ago. My changing is not easy for him. He's used to me one way and he doesn't like it when I don't follow orders. But I turn to him for advice more than anyone in the world. If I have a decision to make regarding my work I'd never think of making it without consulting Doo, even though I have competent people who are paid to advise me. So I do still look up to him like a father in a lot of ways.

CS: Does Doolittle love you?

(Continued On Page 26)



Loretta wasn't allowed to wear lipstick or high heels when she first started performing. A recent photo, above, shows things have changed. Below, with a friend on her farm. Her pet goat shares quarters with an ocelot, cattle and occasional skunk or snake.



ssissippi Man," and "Lead Me
." All were No. 1 songs.
Their next album and single is set
be released around Fan Fare time
June.
Much of their appeal lies in the

drama of their songs which are like
three-minute soap operas with two
characters losing or finding true
love.

One of Loretta's favorites is

(Continued On Page 26)



The Uphill Struggle Of Loretta Lynn

(Continued From Page 25)

LL: I know Doo loves me, but it's hard for him to show it the way a woman wants it shown. And that ain't really his fault either. It's the way he was raised. I look around and I see all the divorces—two of my kids are divorced already—and I think, 'Well, at least you stuck it out.'

Even if something happened to Doo and me, I can't see myself with anyone else, cause I'd feel out of place. It would take me a long time to get used to not having him around. The best times for us are when we go away somewhere together where nobody knows us—like camping out or the vacation we had last year in Nassau. But we don't get to do that more'n once a year or so. It don't do for him to come on the road with me, cause he gets so restless and he makes me nervous. Then when I'm home on the farm I get restless and worry about things back on the road.

CS: How is Doolittle with the kids?

LL: Doo's been a real good father to the twins. They're closer to him than they are to me, 'cause I've been on the road since they were tiny things. They really love him and even when I'm home they go to him and ask for things. That hurts me, but I understand it's nobody's fault. It's just the way things worked out. It was Doo's decision for me to stay on the road after the twins were born, but it still makes me feel guilty that I wasn't around to raise them.

CS: Some weird things have happened to you with your fans or so-called fans.

LL: Yeah, no matter how much you're loved by other people, there's just as many people who hate your guts. So when you're in the public eye, you never know what's gonna happen. One time a lady was in the audience with a gun and I saw the policeman

dragging her out by the hair on her head. For a long time I would walk on stage when I was scared and it wouldn't be a very good show. But I got it in my mind where if I'm gonna have to be scared the whole time I'm on stage then I might as well quit. I can't worry about it.

Another time this one guy robbed two of my western stores and then follored me for a whole week. Now this is somethin'. This one kid had long blond hair and kept follerin' me. Well, I knew one of my western stores had been robbed a week before that and the kid checked right in next to me in the motel. I told my husband, "This guy is a real fan." My door was open at the motel and he would stop and grin. Everybody knew but me I guess what was goin' on and they didn't tell me about it. The FBI was follerin' me. I still worry about the little feller. That night, that same night I said that to my husband, this girl came in the back of



Home cooking is the order of the day at the Double L Ranch. In this rare picture, Peggy and Patsy enjoy a meal with momma and daddy. The kitchen-dining area currently is being enlarged and remodeled to give Loretta more space to pursue her favorite hobby—cooking.

the stage and I thought she was drunk. But I guess she was on drugs. She grabbed ahold of me and she said, "I want you to listen to my songs, but we got to be alone." At my concert they grabbed her and pulled her out by her hair, and I was just goin' to faint. I went through the show just sick. This

boy wanted to get me out on the bus alone and gave her money to get me out there. God only knows what he was gonna do and they caught him that night. He's in prison somewhere and I don't know where and don't want to know. I asked, "Well, what was he goin' to do to me." They said you'd be better off not to know anything about it. So I had no idea what he had in mind. And here he's just a kid—good lookin' little guy.

CS: Feminists respect you for speaking out about your rights and talking about such things as birth control in your songs. How do you feel about the women's rights movement?

LL: Well now, how I feel about women? I think women ought to be able to do what they want to in life. If they want to work, work! Nowadays, it just about takes two to make a living. And if they don't like it, women workin', let them fire all the women and pay the men double so that they can make a living. I think women ought to do what they want to and it's nobody else's business. If she wants to stay home and do her thing, then let her do it. I ain't gonna do it. But if she wants to make a career and work and still have a home, more power to her. Get it on!

A Dynamite Duo

(Continued From Page 25)

"When I Hang Up The Phone," which she described in her autobiography: "It starts with the phone ringing and Conway, in a choking kind of voice, tries to tell me goodbye. Now, for a while, I don't pay any attention to what he's saying, but he keeps bringing the subject back to him leaving. Finally he says it's true, and I sing, 'Ohhhh, Noooo . . .'"

"Now how many people have gotten bad news on the phone about their man or woman? Lots. And I bet most of 'em react the way I do in that song. Well, that song started

being played on the jukeboxes over and over again because it was real."

Because of the intimate relationship between the characters Conway and Loretta sing about, people take that intimacy one step further and assume they share a similar relationship. Of course, this is not true.

Loretta explains the situation. "Whoever is singing with me at the time becomes a good friend. Like Conway Twitty, my duet partner. I love people and I love to give a hug or a kiss now and then. I'm affectionate. But I don't get that excited about being around other men."

The Budding Career Of Ernie Lynn



Ernie Lynn gets ready before a performance.

Offspring of the rich and famous often are forced to lead unnatural lives. Patty Hearst and Art Linkletter's late daughter Diane are extreme examples, but it doesn't take a psychologist to understand that growing up under public scrutiny can cause problems.

Ernest Ray Lynn, the 21-year-old son of Loretta Lynn, sings with his mom on her tours. He has had his share of high school high-jinks, but after talking with the brown haired, good-humored singer, you realize he's pretty well adjusted.

As a boy he says he missed his mother at first, but got used to her being on the road. The rest of his family, one brother and four sisters, have decided against music careers.

Loretta Lynn describes Ernie in her autobiography as "the most handsome boy you ever saw in your life, but is he ever mean! . . . He's the same boy that's always getting into car wrecks and stuff. He just hasn't grown up yet."

In 10th grade he hit a student in the head with a hammer while they were building a house—a class project. He found that 90 per cent of his classmates tried to treat him better because of his famous

mother, and the other 10 per cent wanted "to whup your ass just to say they whupped so-and-so's ass."

Then at 17 he "made all his mistakes in one year," he feels. Ernie married and joined the Marines. Three years later he returned home, and subsequently got a divorce. He says he's calmed down now—he hasn't been in a fight in six months.

But he hasn't calmed down completely. Young female fans find him quite attractive. "They grab you and I have to go run sometimes," he relates. "You get your shirt ripped off. I like it. When I first got out of the Marines and all these women threw themselves at me . . . whew! I just wanted to get them all."

But his mother keeps an eye on him. "She tells me, 'You've got to calm down now,'" he says.

A few months ago MCA Records, his mother's record company, signed him to a one-year contract calling for three singles. His first, "Tricksy Delaney," has just been released. "It's a song about a prostitute," he informs.

If his singles do well, MCA will release an album. "Now I just count my money and sign my name," he says. "And I'm fixin' to make a whole lot more."

Roy Rogers

King Of The Cowboys

By LEE O. MILLER

It is doubtful that there is anyone in the world who is unfamiliar with the name Roy Rogers. It is equally doubtful that any of Roy's many fans would argue the point that he is still undisputed "King of the Cowboys."

"History informs us," one of Roy's ardent fans said recently, "that one of the most important functions of a king is that of conqueror. Roy Rogers has calmly been 'conquering' show business for over 30 years, confidently accepting each new challenge it has presented and emerging the victor."

Actually, Roy Rogers' (real name Leonard Slye) first "conquest" took place before he came to Hollywood in the late 1930s. His name was Len Slye then and he had a cheap guitar slung over his shoulder, a good voice and the deep driving desire to become a name singer of western music.

He left his hometown of Cincinnati, Ohio, and set out for the West. He had little money and relied on his musical talent and personality to get him jobs in western bands—playing dances, barn dances and on radio programs—in Kansas (30 days) and Oklahoma (90 days) before dropping south to New Mexico (Roswell), where he was befriended by radio owner Walter E. Whitmore and was given a regular job of singing western music on the air three times a week. Whitmore didn't like his real name, so Len Slye temporarily became "Dick Weston, The Texas Troubadour."

Response was instantaneous. Radio listeners in the Pecos Valley for miles around Roswell wrote their praises of Weston to Whitmore—and demanded more. The popular young singer also got invited to numerous "shindigs," and barn dances and rodeos in the area where his voice never failed to please.

Another group of singers was touring the Pecos Valley at the time. Headed by a young man named Bob Dolan, they called themselves the "Four Tumbleweeds." Slye met Bob and his group and immediately formed a lasting friendship, one of which they are proud of even today. Len joined the group and they became known as Dick Weston & The Tumblin' Tumbleweeds."

Fan mail for the group at Radio Station KGFL, in Roswell, got heavier and heavier. The boys tried to personally answer the many letters for a



while, but soon agreed a secretary would have to be hired in order to free their time for singing and making guest appearances.

Whitmore had long since realized what stars he had in Slye and Dolan and their band, but he also knew that his good fortune would not be long-lasting.

A Hollywood talent scout who happened to be passing through Roswell heard about the radio station's singing group and listened to them himself. He instantly liked what he heard and made an appointment to meet them.

Through Whitmore, Slye and the Tumbleweeds met the talent scout and learned his studio (Republic) was planning to soon launch a search for a singing talent to compete against Gene Autry. Would he, Len, and his boys be interested?

Would they? They were ecstatic!

Accompanying Whitmore and the talent scout, Slye, Dolan and his musicians went to Hollywood. They were screen tested as a group, then Len was tested separately. The results were affirmative. They were sensational in all respects.

Slye and Dolan signed Hollywood contracts, and Len's name was changed to Roy Rogers, which it remains to this day. Dolan and his boys became known as Sons of the Pioneers, and "guested" in a number of musical western films while Rogers was in Montana on a producer's ranch learning how to ride a horse, shoot, rope and crack a whip. He also learned how to box, careful at all times not to mar his facial features and his future as a movie star.

Republic Studios crowned Rogers "King of the Cowboys" and launched his career, starring him in such musical-western extravaganzas as "Idaho" and "Cowboy and the Senorita." World War II took a lot of western stars into the armed forces, including Gene Autry, but not Rogers.

Was there any doubt who the King of the Cowboys was? Not in the minds of the hospitalized children (above) who were treated to a musical visit by Roy Rogers and Dale Evans. When Gene Autry joined the service during World War II, Rogers ascended the throne and never stepped down. Says the King of pal Autry, "I love ol' Gene, love him like a brother."



The draft overlooked him somehow and he was left to "carry the ball" at Republic, which he happily and profitably did.

Rogers was soon No. 1 box-office star in all western motion pictures for the next 12 years, and No. 3 box-office draw for all motion pictures for two years.

The second big challenge Roy was presented with was television. But the "King of Cowboys" took it in stride. The 14 specials he did for NBC-TV under the sponsorship of General Motors were never once outrated by the competition. General Foods sponsored the Roy Rogers half-hour series on NBC for six years. As part of their promotional campaign for the show, General Foods placed Roy's picture on 2½ billion Post cereal packages.

The honors that have been bestowed upon Roy and Dale are too numerous to mention, but they are indicative of the worldwide affection the couple garner. This affection is such that Ralph Edwards has stated that during the

many years of broadcasting "This Is Your Life" television show, he had more requests to do the life of Roy Rogers than any other person in the world. And by popular demand, the show has been repeated four times.

What does Roy think of his pal and former competitor, Gene Autry?

"Shucks, I think ol' Gene is one of the best ol' boys in the whole wide world. Sure, we were competitors. But that was show biz... the name of the game. Thanks to the good Lord, I've done real well. Oh, me and Dale have had our ups and downs like anybody else, but we let Him keep us calm and sensible at all times. Like, if He's for you, who could be against you? Even Gene agrees with that, because he's told me so many times.

"True, I probably have accomplished a few things more than Gene has, but that's because I was younger and had more time. But I love ol' Gene, love him like a brother, and the saddest day in my life'll be the day he ain't with us no more."

How To Sell Your Country Song

This is the second part of a series on songwriting. If you missed Part I, you can order it on Page 47.

By HOWARD
LEE WILLIAMS

Lorene Allen, a 38-year-old housewife from Tulsa, Okla., decided that she could write country songs that were every bit as good as the ones she heard on the radio. She could and did. "The Pill" and "That's All That's Left Of My Baby" have put her among the greats of songwriting.

John D. Loudermilk also thought he'd give the business a try: today, his "Abilene," "Waterloo" and "Tobacco Road" are all country classics.

The point is that both of these folks, and dozens like them, took the big step: they uprooted themselves and moved to Nashville, Tenn., to seek their fortunes. Loudermilk did it back in 1959—"prepared to give this town one year," he recalls—and he's still there. Mrs. Allen has planted her roots there, too; she and her family wouldn't live anywhere else.

In Part I of this article on how to write country music, I explored the spirit behind the Nashville Sound and told how to create a song "of the people, by the people, for the people." In this, the concluding part, I'll tell you how a songwriter should map out the blitz campaign that will make his or her song "happen," as they say in the music business.

But first a word about Nashville... in particular, Music Row, the world headquarters of country music.

Music Row is the 15 or 16 square-block area between 16th Avenue South and 19th Avenue South—and it is the most concentrated music-making place on Earth. At least 60 recording companies and more than 300 music publishers operate there. The area has the best recording facilities known to man; local Belmont College, fully aware (as is the rest of Nashville) of the gold mine in the neighborhood, turns out graduates in sound engineering. And the best sidemen in the business are in Nashville—musicians who are kept so busy, month after month, that some of them make even more than the big-name stars they accompany. The city fathers pamper Music Row—Why not? These 15 or 16 blocks pump \$250 million a year into the local economy.

For all the hubbub from Page 28—CountryStyle

Music Row, however, Nashville itself has fought to keep its folksy, homespun ways. To be sure, there's infighting in the music business, but it's kept out of sight and prevented from spilling over to mar the small-town image that this bustling city has managed to retain. If there's one prevalent mood in Nashville it's good-neighborliness. And religion: with its more than 700 churches, the city's been called the Protestant Vatican of the South.

Here, then, is where you must head if you're serious about selling your country song. Of course, take in the sights when you arrive, including the shrine of country music, the Grand Ole Opry—where you can see, hear and (who knows?) maybe even rub shoulders with country's mightiest stars. The Opry is now 51 years old, located in spanking new quarters and smack-dab in the middle of a

who finds songs, evaluates them, gets recordings placed for the ones he likes—which is the same as saying the ones he thinks will "happen"—releases sheet music, and promotes all foreign sources. On a less formal basis, the publisher acts as the writer's agent and, when the going gets rough, extends a warm shoulder. Therefore, when you get to Nashville, the first thing to do is to get your foot (plus your song) into a publisher's door.

The city's Yellow Pages lists them all. But be picky: even before reaching town you should have studied the charts and found out from them which publishers are currently hot. Start with them: there's nothing better than going with a winner.

Getting your song to a publisher is not as difficult as you might think: in most cases, a telephone call is all it takes. Publishers figure that

them: often, a writer sends the same material to competing publishers, simultaneously. To be sure, "Satin Sheets" got its start by going through the mail from writer to publisher, but it's a rare event.

That doesn't mean that one phone call will get you into the publisher's office right away. They're busy people. But it does mean that they'll most likely tell you to come right on over, and leave what you've got to offer with an assistant.

If you followed my advice in Part I, you'll have brought alone a tape or demo record of what you've written—sung by yourself, your collaborator, and maybe even a semipro singer you knew back home—as well as a neat lead sheet. Leave your song with the assistant. Wait a couple of days. Then drop by again—either to collect your material if the publisher

Something else happens.

The new songwriter is standing face-to-face with Mr. Big. He likes your work; thinks you can write. Then he floors you with, "Yes, but what I really need right now is an up-tempo novelty song for Tammy Wynette."

Her recording session is scheduled for Monday morning. It's now Friday afternoon—and you know there's no such novelty song in your trunk. You wish you could quietly slink under the thick, wall-to-wall carpeting. That's why, in answer to that age-old question—"Which came first: the words, or the music?"—veteran Hollywood lyricist Sammy Cahn says, "the phone call."

It's back to the motel or boarding house, and three nights and days of listening to Tammy Wynette records, trying to come up with a novelty song that's just right for her. Sunday you go full blast with your best idea: you work on the song straight through the night, and put it on your cassette recorder before you turn out the lights.

MR. BIG LIKES YOU...

First thing Monday morning you call Mr. Big. "Can you come right over?" he asks, though he can only give you 10 minutes at most.

Twenty minutes later you're auditioning your novelty song—the first song you ever wrote that wasn't conceived for your pleasure alone. Mr. Big seems pleased. He's impressed with your determination and talent: he says he's going to bat for your song even if Tammy Wynette turns it down. What's more, he tells you he'll underwrite all expenses for a professional demo and for copyright fees.

It's your first song to be published! There's nothing like that feeling, believe me. All those songs you wrote back home you suddenly realize were just getting your feet wet for the real thing.

As soon as your song is published and recorded, you qualify for membership in ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers) or BMI (Broadcast Music, Inc.), the two major organizations that monitor radio stations across the country, log the number of times your song gets played—and collect your royalty payments.

If you've got a song that either one of these groups feels will definitely happen,



\$40 million amusement park, Opryland.

You might also want to meander over to Tootsie's Orchid Lounge for a quick nightcap. It's a landmark Music Row institution, where many a song deal has been consummated between singer and writer over drinks. The legendary Hattie Louise Bess presides over Tootsie's like a mother hen. She'll fondly recall nurturing the likes of Roger Miller and Kris Kristofferson. But don't let her bend your ear till closing time; the Nashville songwriter begins his rounds early in the morning.

PITCHING YOUR SONGS

The pivotal person that a songwriter must get hooked up with is the music publisher. In the music business it's the publisher

if you've made the effort to come to Nashville at least you're serious. Besides, none of them really know where their next hit is coming from.

In Part I of this article I listed the publishers who will audition your song if you mail it to them, but they are the minority. Most publishers hate getting songs this way; as often as not, they won't even listen to them—and return the package unopened, the tape unplayed. Their reasoning runs something like this: "This could be some kind of nut who'll turn around and slap me with a suit if one of my future songs sounds remotely like his; I better send it back unopened, just to be on the safe side..." In addition, they know from experience that not all writers play straight with

doesn't like it, or to talk further business if he does. Persistence pays off in the entertainment world.

When you come face-to-face with the man himself you have the option to deliver your song live. Often, the extra enthusiasm that a songwriter puts into his own work can make all the difference. But be warned: a live delivery can backfire—mainly because there are publishers who are tone-deaf to a live performance. So, before you risk a live performance, check the individual publisher out during your waiting time: if you learn that he likes a live performance, perform; if he doesn't, don't. Either way, take your tape or demo record in with you to the big meeting.

Lots In A Name

Look at a map of the South. Just outside of Little Rock, Ark., is the hamlet of Conway. Farther west, in Texas, is the town of Twitty. What have you got? Ex-rock 'n' roller Harold Jenkins who's now a country music star in the person of Conway Twitty.

Like the rest of show biz, country music is prone to a bit of cosmetics. Another example is "Rockabilly" Donny Young: he changed his name to Johnny Paycheck—and hit paydirt.

Who'd have thought that the hall of fame for country music, Nashville's Grand Ole Opry, would ever honor a Sarah Ophelia Colley Cannon? Well, the Opry sure did—but not until the "Queen of Country Corn" had changed her name to Minnie Pearl. And do you remember old Leonard Slye of Duck Run, Ohio? Perhaps not. But, then, he cut his old name loose and galloped to success as Roy Rogers.

So if you plan to descend upon Nashville with a guitar in one hand, a song in the other and a somewhat-in-tune voice, you might as well start by conjuring up a good name for yourself. Road maps can still be had for free in gas stations... if you think they'll help.

Getting It All On

Songwriting's not so much an occupation, it's been said—it's a disease. Worse (or better) is that the disease must be all-consuming if the songwriter is to survive. And if you're cut out to be a songwriter you'll be getting it.

The key word is "getting"...

First off, there's getting your song together.

Then, you'll be getting to Nashville with your song, with enough money to last awhile. Getting around, getting heard, getting promises—and then excuses: that's what leads you to getting discouraged.

Of course you'll look forward to getting a loan from back home, or getting a job to enable you to hang on. (Didn't Roger "King-of-the-Road" Miller bellhop? They say Kris "Me-and-Bobby McGee" Kristofferson worked as a janitor for a spell.)

Getting re-inspired... getting new songs on paper... getting one published and then recorded is the game. With luck, you'll be getting it promoted, getting it onto the Top 40 charts, and getting royalty checks.

Maybe, if things don't work out, you'll be getting around to doing it all over again.

The Flip Side

Don't go as far as the late Hank Williams did. Though still the greatest triple-threat talent (lyricist, composer and singer) ever to come down the country music pike, Hank lived his songs round-the-clock. His wayward youth was his wayward songs: "Settin' the Woods on Fire," "I Won't Be Home No More," "Your Cheatin' Heart," "Ramblin' Man" and "Honky Tonkin'."

He also died in the back seat of a big white Cadillac, New Year's Day, 1953, of a heart attack. He was played out at the age of 29, leaving behind two wives (at the same time) to fight it out over the royalties of his 125 songs. Even now, 24 years later, Hank's estate collects about \$100,000 per year.

In the saloons they still talk about how Hank got started. He wandered into the offices of Acuff-Rose, just a good old country boy, and began demonstrating his songs. The powers—that-be couldn't believe their ears—he was that good. So, they tested his songwriting talents on the spot, by sending him into a back room to create. Twenty minutes later, he emerged with "Mansion on the Hill," which still is one of his best.

the group will advance you money against future royalty payments. They are in competition, and both want to woo the good new writer.

My advice is to go with BMI. It's the larger of the two, having more than 25,000 writers and 10,000 publishers on its roster. Also, BMI tends to be the group that most country writers belong to and is geared to a song's current popularity; ASCAP still categorizes, to some extent, according to a writer's cumulative track record.

Either way, here's where they are. Both are headquartered in New York: ASCAP at One Lincoln Plaza, New York, NY 10023; BMI, 40 West 57 St., New York, NY 10019. And both, of course, have offices in Music Row: ASCAP at 700 17th Ave.; BMI, 710 16th Ave. The zip code for Music Row is 37203—and don't you forget it.

... AND HERE'S THE FIRST MONEY

A new writer's first tangible progress will be marked by when he is offered an exclusive contract by a publisher. This is often done even before an actual recording is made since it is to the publisher's advantage if he can spot new talent and tie it up right away. A contract means that the writer owes all his output to that one publisher for a stipulated period of time.

Along with the contract comes the first money—small money, to be sure, but enough to live on until that song (or the one after) clicks. That money, and it may only be



The back door of Tootsie's Orchid Lounge opens up near the rear of the Ryman Auditorium where the Grand Ole Opry called "home" for 30 years. An untold number of songs were written in the honky-tonk while the jukebox blared away.

\$150 a week, is real money from the publisher. Those royalties stay in, it has to be repaid. If a writer has a good track record it's a different story: he or she can get a regular salary on top of royalties.

Toward the end of a contract, when a writer may be looking for a better deal from somebody else or when he knows that the publisher isn't happy with him, he may well start to sandbag his best work. This means he'll be stashing his best new songs away in his trunk, and taking discards out of that same

trunk just to fulfill his contract.

TRY PRODUCERS NEXT

Once your Music Row contacts widen, you can take unpublished songs to the very people the publisher places songs with—the record producers. If they like your material they'll publish it, as well as record it. There are two types of record producers: those who work independently and come up with finished master recordings for the major record labels (they command

a large piece of the action, percentage-wise); then there are the record company's own producers and A and R (artist and repertoire) directors. The thing they all have in common is that they match their industry know-how with the talents of particular recording artists, by selecting the songs, musical arrangements and interpretations. Of course, they're pretty hard to keep tabs on, since they usually only audition new material from writers they already know.

The new songwriter doesn't get to see the likes of Columbia's Billy Sherrill or Capitol's George Richey or Victor's Chet Atkins just by phoning for an appointment. Instead, he must get his foot in the doors of the dozens of lesser known record producers. He keeps tabs on their present whereabouts by constantly monitoring the trade journals. Job switching is endemic to the music industry, even along Music Row.

... AND SINGERS

Sometimes the direct approach is the easiest and best of all—go to the singer straight off. The effort's only worth it, though, with singers who don't do all their own writing. (It isn't long before the writer realizes that Charley Pride doesn't and Tom T. Hall does.) But even this approach has its drawbacks: you can count on the singer being protected by a battery of administrators, friends and hangers-on that

makes personal contact difficult. Still, if the song's ideal for, say, Johnny Cash, give it a whirl.

After a record's cut and out on the airwaves the writer's contribution to the song's success doesn't necessarily end. Although music publishers and recording companies have their own staff pluggers who go out and beat the drums, the aggressive songwriter who knows some of the DJs at the 1,100 all-country radio stations gets himself invited to a show to chew the fat. The record gets played, and maybe it "happens."

As the record begins its climb up the charts, the songwriter is left with gnawing doubt: "Can it last?"

Beyond that, critics are asking if Nashville, itself, can last. They say it's becoming too fat and sassy for its own good, and that the product's too predictable, too assembly line. There's even talk that the scene's shifting to Austin, Texas, where they call everyone from Nashville "Nasholes."

Don't pay them any mind, hear! The biggies—the Columbias, the Capitols, the Victors—have too big a stake in Nashville to let it slip through their fingers.

As far as your own gnawing doubt is concerned... with one part talent, two parts pluck and one part luck, you may stick around long enough to end up in the Country Music Hall of Fame. That's like singing a constant refrain of "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle" the way to the bank.

COUNTRY STYLE

Star Search

By DIANE DEAN

OK, country fans. Sharpen your pencils and take a look at this alphabet soup. No, it's not the chart you read at the eye doctor's. It's a puzzle we made to test your knowledge of country music. We hope you like it because there'll be more. Here's how it works.

The first names of 31 female country music stars are hidden in the maze of letters. The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started by circling LORETTA. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used.

Names Used

PENNY DeHaven	DOLLY Parton
DOTTSY	MINNIE Pearl
DONNA Fargo	JEANNE Pruett
CRYSTAL Gayle	SUSAN Raye
EMMYLOU Harris	LINDA Ronstadt
LORETTA Lynn	MARGO Smith
BARBARA Mandrell	SAMMI Smith
ANNE Murray	TANYA Tucker
TRACY Nelson	MARY Lou Turner
OLIVIA Newton-John	KITTY Wells
BONNIE Owens	TAMMY Wynette
LYNN Anderson	
BARBI Benton	
RONEE Blakely	
JUNE Carter Cash	
JUDY Collins	
JESSI Colter	
RITA Coolidge	
WILMA Lee Cooper	
HELEN Cornelius	

L O R E T T A M M Y C J
A K I T T Y R O N E E U
Y S T T O D E N T S N N
N N A E R L R L S V N E
A N U M N A I I I S A L
T Y O E M N C V E U E A
Y L L O D I E Y I S J T
L E Y A L E D I N A U S
H T M A R G O B N N D Y
E A M L I W N R O N Y R
N P E N N Y N A B E I C
N A R A B R A B Y R A M

The uncircled letters in the puzzle complete the sentence below. Start at the top of the puzzle and read across each line from left to right.
Country music comedienne Minnie Pearl was born in

_____,
_____ on October 25. Answers in next issue.

Now Tom T. Hall reveals his own special formula
for successful songwriting so you can use it too . . .

HOW I WRITE SONGS— WHY YOU CAN

By TOM T. HALL

Here, at last, is the perfect book for anyone who aspires to write songs, and everyone who is already trying his hand with the pen. It's 160 pages of songwriting know-how from one of country music's best, Tom T. Hall. Now he reveals his own proven methods and shows how you can use them too. In one place, you'll find all the essential songwriting rules, the definitions of songwriting lingo, and what makes a song country, ballad, pop or part of any other major school of music. You'll see the basic requirements of good lyrics, how to select a song subject and handle rhyming. You'll discover little known tricks of the trade to make your music more exciting. There are tips on writing for TV and commercials. And most important, there's a whole chapter on the mechanics of publishing, where you see how to protect your song and get it to a publisher. It's all here between the covers of this great new book—even a brief history of how Tom T. solved his own songwriting problems. Don't wait, order right now.

NOW ONLY \$7.95



SEND TO: Tom T. Hall
c/o CountryStyle
11058 W. Addison st.
Franklin Park, Ill. 60131

Name _____

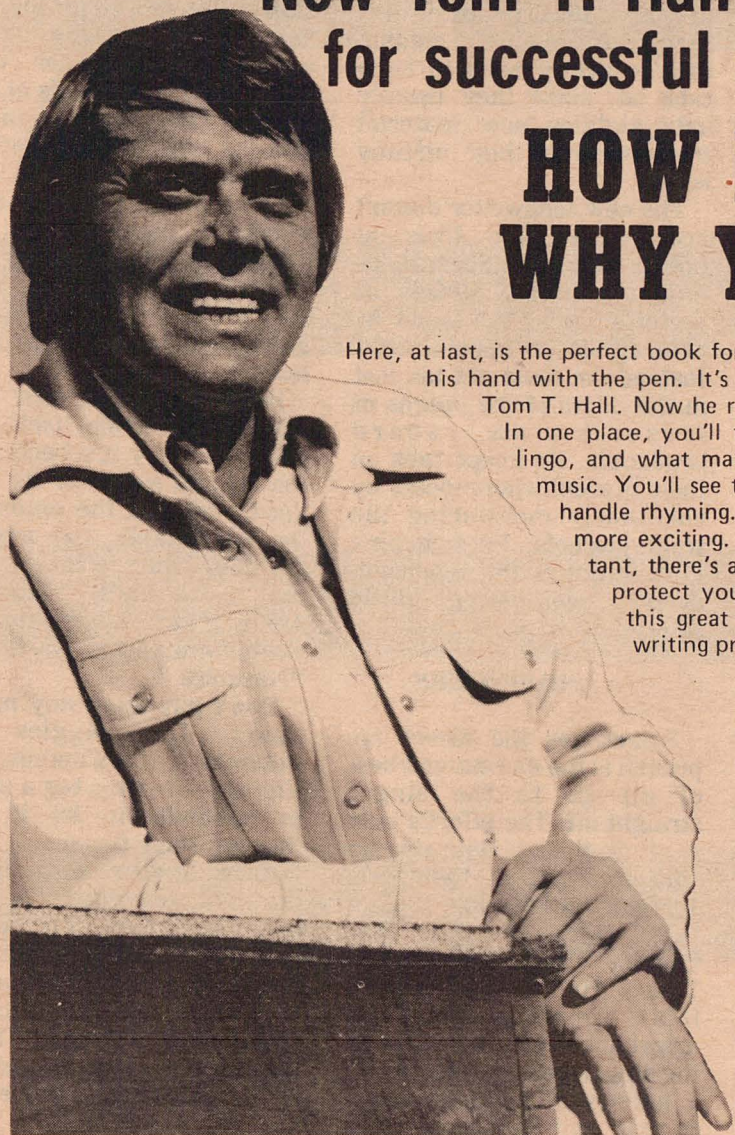
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dear Tom,

Please send me _____ copies of your book, HOW I WRITE SONGS—WHY YOU CAN. I enclose \$7.95 in full payment for each one.

☐ check ☐ money order enclosed for \$ _____. (Ill. residents add sales tax.) Non-U.S. residents add \$2.50 extra for postage and handling.



No Slowing Down For Cliffie Stone

By MIKE KOSSER

Sometime in the early 1970s, we believe, country music suddenly became American music, and lots of folks wondered how it could have possibly happened in this urban sophisticated age.

Yet California music man Cliffie Stone tells us that country music was with us in the '30s and the '40s, long before Nashville became Music City, U.S.A. In the '30s, thanks to the popularity of western movies, cowboy songs became popular all over America, especially as sung by the Sons of the Pioneers, which at the outset of their existence consisted of songwriter great Bob Nolan, the late Tim Spencer and Leonard Slye (later Roy Rogers). It was all happening on the West Coast in those days, and Cliffie was there, as a bass player, disc jockey, radio and television master of ceremonies, actor, record producer and music publisher.

"Back in '40-'42," says Cliffie, "I was a DJ on KFVD in Los Angeles, and Woody Guthrie followed me on the air with his sidekick, Lefty Lou. Woody would play his guitar, sing and sell his songbooks. Who'd have known then that songs like 'This Land Is Your Land' would be the classics they are today."

During that time Cliffie was master of ceremonies on a famous live radio show called "Hollywood Barn Dance." "It was," he recalls, "something like the Grand Ole Opry, but with a more western flavor. Stars on the show included Johnny Bond, Hank Penny, Ken Curtis, Tex Williams, Jimmy Wakely, Eddy Dean, and a girl named Colleen Summers, who later became famous in popular music as Mary Ford."



Cliffie Stone

Those years after World War II were good times for many of these Southern California country and western people, before network television and rock and roll music came along to almost wipe out most of them. "We'd have these jamborees, where a bunch of groups would get together and play

Gilmore Stadium. We'd draw 25-30,000. I did shows with Gene Autry, the Sons of the Pioneers, the Farr Brothers—I was either emcee or a bass player or both. I think we had a lot more fun doing those shows than they do now," adds Cliffie.

From 1944 through 1948 Cliffie headed the country

division of newly founded Capitol Records. "We started slowly," he says, "releasing a country record once every two months, then gradually we increased our releases, with people like Tex Ritter, Jack Guthrie, Tex Williams, Merle Travis and Tennessee Ernie Ford often selling 80-90,000 records per release. A

Tex Ritter record might stay on the charts for six months, and we'd never release a new record until the old one petered out."

When television came in, there was Cliffie, as producer and emcee for the highly rated "Home Town Jamboree," which often featured

(Continued On Page 45)

For once in your life...live.

A sleek graceful sailing vessel glides across the sometimes green, sometimes blue Caribbean. The cargo: you. And an intimate group of lively, fun-loving shipmates.

Uniform of the day: Shorts and tee shirts. Or your bikini if you want. And bare feet.

Mission: A leisurely cruise to remote islands with names like Martinique, Grenada, Antigua—those are the ones you've heard of. Before the cruise ends, you'll



know the names of many more. You'll know intimately the enchanting different mood of each...and its own beauty and charm.



Life aboard your big sailing yacht is informal. Relaxed. Romantic.

There's good food. And 'grog.' And a few pleasant comforts... but any resemblance to a plush pretentious resort hotel is accidental.

Spend 6 days exploring paradise.

Spend six nights watching the moon rise and getting to know interesting people. It could be the most meaningful experience of your life...and it's easily the best vacation you've had.



A cruise is forming now. Your share from \$265. Write Cap'n Mike for your free adventure booklet in full color.

Come on and live.



Windjammer Cruises.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____

P.O. Box 120, Dept. 269 Miami Beach, Florida 33139

Gospel Music

By MIKE KOSSER

Religion has always been big business, and the biggest business in the religious world may soon be American gospel music.

According to Don Butler, executive director of the Gospel Music Association headquartered in Nashville, the major gospel record companies alone wholesale \$42 million worth of records a year and annual paid attendance at gospel concerts is estimated at \$8 million to \$10 million.

What is the lure of this music? Why such a phenomenal growth in recent years? According to Butler, "many young Jesus people, pointing toward a search for truth, turned to gospel music to take them away from the pain of life." The truth of Butler's statement may be found in some of the new gospel forms being recorded today. At one time almost all gospel music was either rhythm and blues or country oriented. Today you can find gospel albums that parallel all the popular forms of music, from folk to middle-of-the-road to hard rock.

"Also," he adds, "Southerners moving to the big Northern cities have brought their religious music with them and in many cases have influenced their neighbors toward gospel music."

A third, and perhaps most important element in gospel's new popularity goes beyond the bounds of personal religious belief. All the well-known gospel groups appear to be exceptional entertainers. While many pop and country acts spend their formative days performing in bars for disinterested drunks, or banging around recording centers looking for their big break, top gospel groups spend 250 to 300 days a year on the road, performing

live before wildly enthusiastic fans who hunger for the message the singers bring. Anybody who has ever seen the Happy Goodman Family or the Oak Ridge Boys perform knows that gospel performers know how to REACH OUT AND SELL to an audience as well as any performers ever have.

And SELL they do! When the performance is over, the group is out in the lobby of the auditorium or by the bus, signing autographs and hawking their albums, albums that in most cases cannot be found in record shops. The average country performer who comes to Nashville to record and pay for a custom session is left with a stack of records he'll never get rid of, but when a touring gospel group cuts an album, they leave town with their stock sold, at five dollars an album.

Says Butler, "The ability of a gospel group to project, relate and establish a rapport with the audience is unique to gospel groups. They are singing to people like themselves about tribulations that everyone in the audience can identify with, and they are presenting themselves in such an attractive manner—that they are a living testimony on stage that you can rise above all these circumstances and be happy in your existence."

Such a music could only come out of the South, the land of tent revivals and Bible-slinging evangelists, where Christianity pervades the secular life of the people. The South is the land of the primitive churches, the Pentacostals and the Assembly of God, speaking in tongues and handling rattlesnakes. In much of the South you're not a Christian just because you say you are; you're only a Christian if you've had an emotional, one-on-one

A Recording Industry Phenomenon That's Become A Big Business

encounter with God or Christ, so that you're "born again," or "saved."

When then-candidate Jimmy Carter explained to journalists that he was "born-again" Christian, many Northerners cringed at the thought of having some sort of lunatic in the White House. But in the South such an admission is generally accepted as normal, and often laudable. Any Northerner seeking to understand the South must be aware of the constant presence of emotional religion in the culture, and gospel music just might be the medium by which Southern Christianity makes its presence known and felt throughout America.

"Gospel concerts are a regular occurrence in Detroit, Chicago, Cleveland, Akron, New Hampshire, Maine, Montreal, Winnipeg, Los Angeles and San Diego," claims. There are about 75 full gospel radio stations around the country and nearly a thousand more that program at least an hour of gospel music per week. Even being a regional phenomenon, gospel programmers include 23 stations in California, one in Hawaii, three in Idaho, two in New England, two in Alaska, 15 in Texas and 40 in the "sophisticated" Atlantic states of New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania, 10 of them full time.

Gospel music, more than other commercial music, must adhere to a

predetermined set of dogmatic beliefs. This is not as easy as it may seem, for there are dozens of Christian sects, and none of them agrees completely with the others on what constitutes orthodox Christianity. Naturally, in their quest for the widest possible audience, gospel acts aim for broad spectrum appeal.

"Gospel music is interdenominational" Butler claims. "It neither endorses nor denies denominations, but it weaves its way through the various ideologies. Most of the time the writer attempts to adhere to the most universal concepts in his lyrics."

The long-hair problem is a part of the growth of gospel music out of the Southern, rural, conservative culture.

Another related problem is the segregation of gospel into white and black categories that do not often meet. Butler insists that the Gospel Music Association is trying to change this.

"We're an umbrella," he says. "We're trying to establish lines of communication among all styles of gospel music. No matter what style, if it's singing about Christ and the message of good news then it's gospel."

Another problem is the morality image of the gospel entertainers. In this day of permissiveness, everybody expects young rock artists traveling around the country to live active and varied sex lives, but gospel artists are



The Grammy Award-winning Oak Ridge Boys (above) and the Rambos (right): Are they on the verge of the next music trend?





Voted the No. 1 male group by the Gospel Music Association, the Blackwood Brothers sing of a better life with a country sound.

and in the course of these drives suggested to the fans that they remember the Blackwood Brothers at Dove Awards time.

Butler emphasizes that the Blackwoods did nothing illegal, though perhaps their approach indicated poor taste. Unlike Watergate, the incident was not hushed up, the 1971 awards were invalidated and future fan awards separated from the Dove Awards so such incidents could not happen again. Subsequently, in 1973 and '74, the Blackwood Brothers were chosen top male gospel group.

The gospel music industry today is literally swarming around music row in Nashville. Gospel record labels, bookers, publishers and studios are thriving, and Nashville's major country labels and publishers are becoming aware of the economic potential in gospel music. An impressively planned Gospel Music Hall of Fame will soon be going up just a short stone's throw from Nashville's beloved Country Music Hall of Fame. The activity is tremendous.

And no wonder. Gospel music today might be America's most vital, energetic, dynamic commercial art-form. After many years as a sort of sacred offshoot of country and rhythm and blues it has broken out on its own. The industry itself is still in its infancy, and although public taste is hard to predict, if present trends continue "Jesus Music" might someday be an influential force on the contemporary music scene.

supposed to be totally immune to the temptations of the flesh. Since they are on the road more than anybody, and their audiences are so emotionally attracted to them, and since they mingle much more informally with their audiences than other entertainers, then it is logical to assume that they meet temptation frequently and at least occasionally succumb to it. As a result, certain gospel artists are

subject to persistent rumors comparing their personal lives with those of lecherous goats or satyrs.

This is an old problem. A medieval pope is credited with at least seven children and many modern religious leaders have been suspected of taking advantage of the enthusiasm of their female followers. We may dismiss this image problem with the observation that gospel singers are people, too.

Finally, top gospel singers tend to be ambitious. That's how they got to be top gospel singers. And at least once, ambition led one group into what may be thought of as gospel music's Watergate. In 1971, having been nominated for the Gospel Music Association's prestigious Dove Awards, the Blackwood Brothers are alleged to have conducted membership drives for the Gospel Music Association

Religion Fills Void For Some Stars

Jeannie C. Riley, Skeeter Davis, Minnie Pearl, Jerry Clower and Johnny Cash, just a few that find relief from the hectic world of show business in the shade of their religious beliefs.

They've come upon their religion in different ways; some have turned to spirituality in times of need to help them get through some of the disasters in their personal lives, others have had it in their souls since they were youngsters.

Johnny Cash and Jeannie C. Riley are two good examples of people turning to religion in times of need and finding out that there was a higher power in their life willing to help them out if called upon.

Jeannie C. Riley hit the big-time, getting everything that came with it, but felt an emptiness before she saw her star. "I was put into the role of a sassy, showoff sex symbol. The image was created for me and I hated it. I was so stereotyped that for a long time I couldn't step out of the image." Before she saw her star shining, she went through a lot of mental hell which was topped by a divorce and an unhappy daughter because of it. "I'm happier now than I've ever been, and it's for real," she notes.

June Carter Cash finds it painful to be reminded of husband Johnny Cash's days as a pill addict but turns the pain to pride when pointing out that Cash kicked his habit when he found new life as a Christian. Carter had a strong religious background and it still plays a large role in her life today.

Cash, who knows the lifestyle of both sinner and saint, says, "I only wish that instead of turning to dope and marijuana, more young people would cut themselves a big slice of life and happiness by living as Christians." Cash credits his faith with saving the life of his son in what might have been a fatal car accident back on Sept. 3, 1974. "If you had seen the scene of the accident after the wreck, you would wonder how nobody was killed or seriously injured. I know a lot of people were praying for us and we sure do thank them."

Country humorist Jerry Clower is one of the more well-known crusaders for the Lord, and being a comic, he adds a sense of humor to his beliefs. "I'm more Christian than I am Baptist," he'll tell the crowd, "and that's why I'm so proud to be here." Of course, he really doesn't take his faith lightly, he was recently presented with the Abe Lincoln Award, the highest honor the Baptist Church can bestow a layman.

It's really a small wonder that country stars turn to religion. Living on the road, always honing the creative process and always being in the public eye can really take a toll on a person and the stars have to be replenished somehow, often in ways that a good night sleep and a well-balanced diet just fall short of. Religion is free, easy to get hold of and comes in many varieties. Many believe that it adds a lot to their lives and you always have the choice about how deeply you want to get involved.



In seeking to rid herself of an image she was opposed to, Jeannie C. Riley found religion. "I'm happier now than I've ever been, and it's for real," she notes.

It's hard to say just who made honky-tonk angels but you can just bet they're standing around the back of the nightclubs and concert halls just waiting to be called on.

Stella Parton A Family Girl

By MIKE KOSSER

"I was born in Sevier County, Tenn., at 11:30 p.m., right before daddy gets off work at Alcoa." Born right in the middle of an even dozen noisy singing Parton children, Stella was the quiet, stubborn one—and sneaky.

"One friend just nagged at me so bad I took her up to the smokehouse and showed her the hams we had hangin' and told her that's what we did to people we didn't like. When she went in to get a better look, I locked her in."

Stella got locked into music by the age of 5, trying to make up songs and sitting on the front porch harmonizing with all the other little Partons. As she got older she sang at fairs and school music programs, and the pentecostal church, which prepared her for her later brief career in gospel music. At 17 she did what a lot of mountain girls do at that age. She got married and had a baby. By then she was attending beauty school, but soon she had formed a group based in Washington, D.C., and was traveling up and down the Eastern Seaboard, making music.

"I decided to cut a record, so I did

a couple of Dolly's songs on Music City Records for Carlton Haney, and the record got some picks and enough airplay to keep me on the road for a year. Off the road I was a waitress, hostess and floral arranger."

Continuing her saga, "I cut another record for Royal American, something for my back pocket to give me an excuse to visit the local radio station when I came into a town to sing. But in between those two records I recorded a gospel album and worked churches and concerts with gospel groups. Pretty quick I was disillusioned with those groups. They just didn't have the sincerity they pretended to have onstage, and that hurt, bad, so I figured I might as well work clubs and not be with those phony people.

Then she did something right. She started writing songs with a man named Bob Dean, who produced a session on Stella but couldn't get it placed, "so we took it to IRDA (an independent record distributor).

Bob and Stella formed their own label, Soul, Country and Blues (SCAB), IRDA put the record out for them, and BANGO, "I Want To Hold You In My Dreams" was a Top 10 record, with sales exceeding those of



Stella Parton

many No. 1 country records.

After two more singles and a Top 40 album, Stella decided it was time to sign with a major label while folks still remembered her hit. Joe Taylor, her booker, took her around to a number of labels and Jim

Malloy finally signed her to Elektra.

"It's the best thing that could have happened," she says. "Everybody at Elektra seems to work together, like a family." Still close to the huge family she sprang from, Stella likes that.

Marks Had A Hit Right At The Tip Of His Nose

By BOB BATTLE

NASHVILLE—The next time you see Johnny Marks in Music City—where he's a frequent visitor—he may be looking for an outdated Montgomery Ward catalog.

One of them, indirectly, made Johnny Marks—the songwriter—a millionaire. And who knows? Maybe it helped Gene Autry gain admission to the Country Music Hall of Fame.

Since its creation a quarter of a century ago, Marks' "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" has sold nearly 100 million records in 400 different versions.

"The music for Rudolph is one of the great all-time melodies. And the lyric is a masterpiece of writing," he explained with a candor undimmed by humility.

Johnny Marks, of course, wrote both the words and music to the song which has been bought in sheet music by nearly 10 million fans.

Many say he is a genius in his time.

In addition, Rudolph has netted Marks royalties from dolls to T-shirts to a television series—perhaps the longest running and highest paid in the history of the medium.

"I was looking through a Montgomery Ward catalog in 1939 and read about a reindeer with a luminous nose," Marks recalled in tracing the history of his top money-making song.

He was chatting with this writer and Ed Shea, regional manager for ASCAP, in executive offices at The Nashville Banner.

"I jotted it down in a little notebook where I kept ideas," Marks explained.

You see, Montgomery Ward was offering a 32-page illustrated children's book on a reindeer—

named, of all things, Rudolph. It was written by Robert May.

"I did nothing with the idea until 1949," said Johnny Marks, now a 65-year-old multimillionaire, but then a struggling middle-aged New York songwriter.

"One day I began humming a little tune. I rather liked the first few bars, so I sat down at the piano, and suddenly realized it might fit nicely with the reindeer with the luminous nose.

"Since I didn't still have the Montgomery Ward catalog, I scrambled around for my notebook. I whipped up some lyrics, polished the tune, and took a liking to it."

The first notes he ever put to the "Rudolph" title were the same as the present ones, except that on the word "nosed," the note was low.

"This was my big bother," he said.

"But one day while walking through Greenwich Village, I hummed the song to myself, going up instead of down on the word 'nosed.'

"I knew right away that the melody would be a hit, so I took \$25,000 of my own money, formed my own music publishing house called the St. Nicholas Music Co., and published the song."

From that humble songwriting start, Johnny Marks reached wealth and stardom.

You'll find "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" all over the radio dial during the Yule season.

"And that makes good sense—and money—to me," the bearded songwriter declared. "My contract calls for me to get \$60,000 a year in royalties from 'Rudolph' until the year 2005," he gleamed.

"I had trouble when I first tried to get 'Rudolph' recorded," he said.

"Frankly, I thought it was a perfect vehicle for Perry Como.

"RCA disagreed, and they had Como under contract."

"So, then I turned to Gene Autry, who's now in the Country Music Hall of Fame. I kind of got the cold shoulder because Gene didn't like the song.

"However, I had an ace in the hole.

"Gene's wife thought 'Rudolph' was a good song, so she prevailed upon Autry to record it on the flip side of the song that was supposed to be his next hit—'If It Doesn't Snow On Christmas.'

"At the time, Gene was touring with a rodeo. The big production number was 'Riders In The Sky,' a song which Vaughn Monroe made popular."

Johnny urged Gene to change his song.

"I told Gene that every time he sang 'Riders In The Sky' he made Monroe a bigger singer. But I said that every time you sing my song you'll be making Gene Autry a bigger man."

Gene Autry was won over.

And today he's in the Hall of Fame in Music City. When the rodeo reached Madison Square Garden, the Singing Cowboy had a large model of 'Rudolph' with a flashing red light for the nose.

He sang the song before a packed house.

And in less than 12 months, the tune had sold a couple of million copies. That was back when sales of 300,000 were considered a hit.

"I made millions from that reindeer," Johnny said with a sigh of success.

"Got any old Montgomery Ward catalogs laying around?" he asked with a grin. "I might get an idea for another hit.

"Nashville is certainly the right town for it," he declared.

If I'm going to get an idea for a Christmas song for 1987, I'd better start thinking.

Where's my catalog???



Good Shooting!

Response has been tremendous to our CountryStyle Photo Contest and here's a sampling of some of the better entries we've received so far. Keep your finger on the trigger and your eyes peeled for that photo that could make you a CountryStyle shooting star!

Buck Owens,
taken by Ada
Squyos of
Texarkana, Texas.



Barbara Mandrell,
taken by Rod Easton
of Elma, Wash.

CountryStyle Contest Welcomes Shutterbugs

If you're an amateur photographer and love country music, we want you to enter our new CountryStyle photo contest.

Send us your favorite snap of your favorite country artist, either in performance or in an offstage casual setting. If it's good, we'll print it—maybe right on the front cover of CountryStyle, in full color. If it's among the best, we may have a place for you on the CountryStyle staff, photographing country music events in your area for our magazine.

The picture can be black and white or color, any size print taken by any camera, although we prefer 35 mm black and white prints or color slides.

Here are a few hints on how best to capture a live performance on film.

A 35 mm SLR (single lens reflex) camera is probably your best bet for performance photographs. Use a "fast" telephoto lens, if you've got one. Many of the best concert photos you see in the pages of CountryStyle and other music magazines were taken with a 135-mm f2.8 lens.

Keep in mind lighting conditions will be far from ideal in the usual performance setting—and an electric strobe won't help either, even if you're allowed to use it. So take your photos with a high speed film.

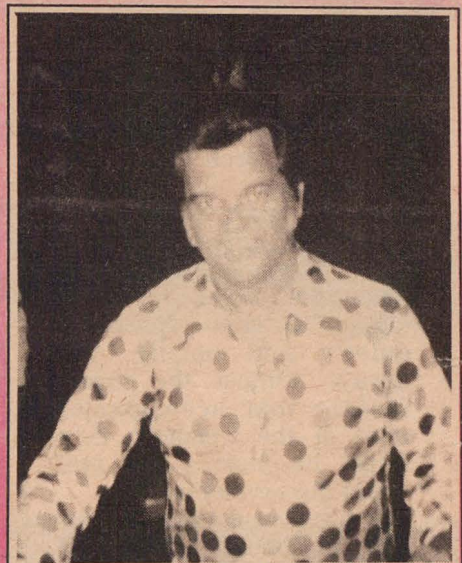
Finally, don't ruin the concert for others in trying to get your photograph. If the admission ticket says "no photos," don't take any, and if security people do allow you to shoot pictures, cooperate with them and your fellow audience members.

We look forward to hearing from you. Send your contest photos to CountryStyle Photo Contest, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131.

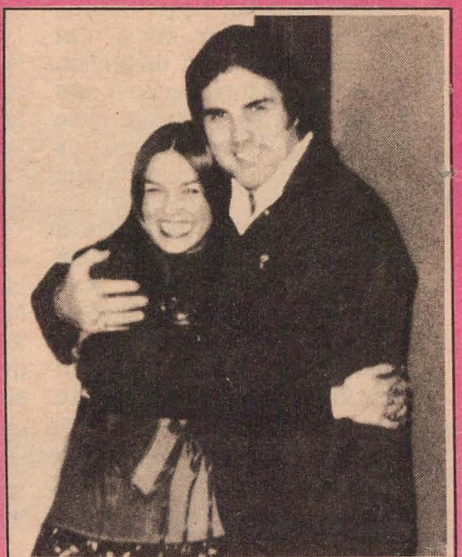
(All entries automatically become the property of CountryStyle and can not be returned unless prior arrangements are made with the editor.)



Mickey Gilley, taken by Robert Butcher of Mt. Vernon, Ill.



Conway Twitty, taken by Nancy
Atkinson Ray of Stockton, Calif.



Crystal Gayle and Billy "Crash"
Craddock, taken by Ruth Gambill
of Madison, Ala.

It's Crystal Clear There's A New

By MIKE KOSSE

NASHVILLE—Over the past half-dozen years, people in the Nashville music business have been known to say to each other things like “we’re due for a change pretty soon” and “there’s about to be a new trend in country music” and “every 10 years a new Beatles arrives to turn the music business upside-down.”

Then a Moe Bandy would come along to bring back the honky-tonk songs, or Waylon and Willie would get shaggy-looking and bring back Texas or Olivia and Emmylou and Linda would show that sometimes you could make pop and country fans buy the same records. The people in the Nashville music business would sort out each “trendlet” and before long they’d start saying to each other things like “Nope, that ain’t it.”

This is the story of a middle-aged madman who produced many of the greatest rockabilly records ever, a mild-mannered ex-banker from Memphis who took the torch from the middle-aged madman and a beautiful crystal-voiced lady singer who is showing the way for the many who would follow.

Together and separately, quietly and noisily, but always without the media fanfare that accompanies most of the trendlets, they might be making the real Nashville revolution.

The lady singer is Crystal Gayle, Kentucky born, Indiana raised, member of a famous country music family. First signed to Decca (now MCA) in 1970, she was brought to United Artists by promotion man Lynn Shults, who spotted her on a Del Reeves syndicated television show. Shults took her to A and R man Kelso Herston, who signed her to UA, which was then fighting for its Nashville life.

Kelso produced one record by Crystal (“Restless”), then left the label and was replaced by Larry Butler, who was about to pull one of Nashville’s little miracles in bringing UA back to respectability. Butler decided to turn Crystal over to the mild-mannered Memphis ex-banker, a talented man named Allen Reynolds, who had done so much to develop the Don Williams sound.

“I’ve heard that sound described as ‘Reynolds Rock,’” Crystal says. “It’s



Chiffon takes precedence over Nudie suits for lovely Crystal Gayle. Her music, too, may be Cole Porter or Cabaret, though her heart and home are in Nashville.

his style, not mine. I didn’t have one before him.”

The first shot at Reynolds Rock was “Wrong Road Again,” a Top 10 record followed by the likes of “This Is My Year For Mexico,” “Somebody Loves You” and the enormously successful “I’ll Get Over You,” which crossed over into the pop charts. Most recently, “You Never Miss A Real Good Thing” parlayed some dramatic Crystal Gayle singing and Jimmy Colvard guitar licks into another No. 1 country record and underscored the popularity that got her elected female country artist of the year by the Academy of Country Music.

Crystal shares with her producer a desire to do the music she likes the best and

not worry about the label somebody’s going to plaster on it.

“We’ve continued to grow, expand,” she said. “We don’t want to stick with that same style (Reynolds Rock) forever. Wait ’til you hear our new album (scheduled for May release). It’s different.”

“In the meantime, my main goal is to get my own show together.”

Her band is a group called Peace and Quiet, and after working the road for years, Crystal has a new enthusiasm because this group has been playing together for quite some time.

“We’ve been working like mad trying to get the parts together,” she said, giving you the idea that she really is looking forward to the music they’ll be making onstage.

Talking about her new directions, she says, “Of course, I’d like my music to reach as many people as possible, but I won’t cut a pop song just for the sake of reaching the pop market.”

This got us interested in just what new direction Reynolds and Crystal are going in. So one Saturday we took a trip to the office of Allen Reynolds, mild-mannered etc.

The place was Jack’s Tracks, one of the many studios put together by the middle-aged madman of this saga, Jack Clement, then gotten rid of in a fit of boredom or financial insolvency. It’s an old brick house on 16th Avenue South that somehow manages to look like an ancient Roman ruin, with Corinthian pillars

thrusting skyward but supporting nothing. The place is now owned by Reynolds—and the bank.

“Eight of the 10 cuts in this album I’d put out as singles without misgivings,” Reynolds says, sticking a tape on his machine. The song is “It’s All Right With Me,” an old Cole Porter tune that Crystal first did as a commercial. NOBODY in Nashville cuts Cole Porter songs. He moves over to the turntable and puts on a George Hamilton IV album. The record is out on Anchor, ABC’s label in England.

“This song goes back to 1909,” he said. The title is “I Wonder Who’s Kissing her Now,” a standard written by a great old musician named Joe Howard, and just as well suited to Hamilton as “A

Music Moving Up On Nashville

Rose And A Baby Ruth."

Allen Reynolds, you see, likes music, and treasures a good song. At a time when most producers in Nashville are desperately searching for the next "hit," Reynolds is looking for that song that would give him his next great record.

In a way, the prototype of the Crystal Gayle success story is a fine singer named Mary Kay James, whom Allen recorded for several years on JMI Records and AVCO Records, and will be recording shortly on a major label.

Reynolds cares very much about Crystal's career and does not feel possessive about her. "I've told her that she's got to be looking out for whatever is best for her, so when her contract is up, whatever else she does, she's got to make sure her record company gives her the power to choose her own producer, whether it's me or somebody else."

Although he and the bank own Jack's Tracks together, and Crystal is by far his most important act, he feels strongly that when an artist and producer do not see eye to eye musically, they should part company.

"I'll never force a song on any of my artists," he says. "They all have veto power." He pauses. "You know, she just signed with B and B Talent in L.A. They're the talent agency that handles the Captain and Tennille. Mainly I just tell her to keep things moving around so it doesn't get to be a drag."

"It's not worth it unless it's fun."

It's been fun for Reynolds for a long time. As a kid he spent a lot of time around Sun Studios in Memphis, watching Jack Clement produce those hits for Jerry Lee Lewis, Johnny Cash and the rest.

"What a great time it was then," he recalls. "There was personality on the radio and personality in the studio and some great sounds coming out of there, all those people rolling the dice. I remember one night sitting in the studio listening to Sam Phillips play back 'Great Balls of Fire.' You know, of all those great artists he had back then, Jerry Lee was the one he really cared about."

Years later, Reynolds was in Beaumont, Texas, with Dickie Lee, Jack Clement and Bill Hall, who later became one of Nashville's great

music publishers. "After we moved back to Memphis, Dickie and I were on a small draw from Screen Gems," he recalls. "But it wasn't enough, so I worked in a bank for five years. I think I really grew up in the banking business. It gave me a business understanding to go with my music."

That statement starts a person thinking of Reynolds' mentor Cowboy Jack Clement, whose songwriting and producing has made him several fortunes that he usually has lost in short order. One of Clement's more recent projects was JMI Records, the label that established Don Williams as a star, and perhaps would be one of Nashville's great independents today, had Clement not 1) failed to care enough about the business end, and 2) lost his posterior in a disastrous venture into movies.

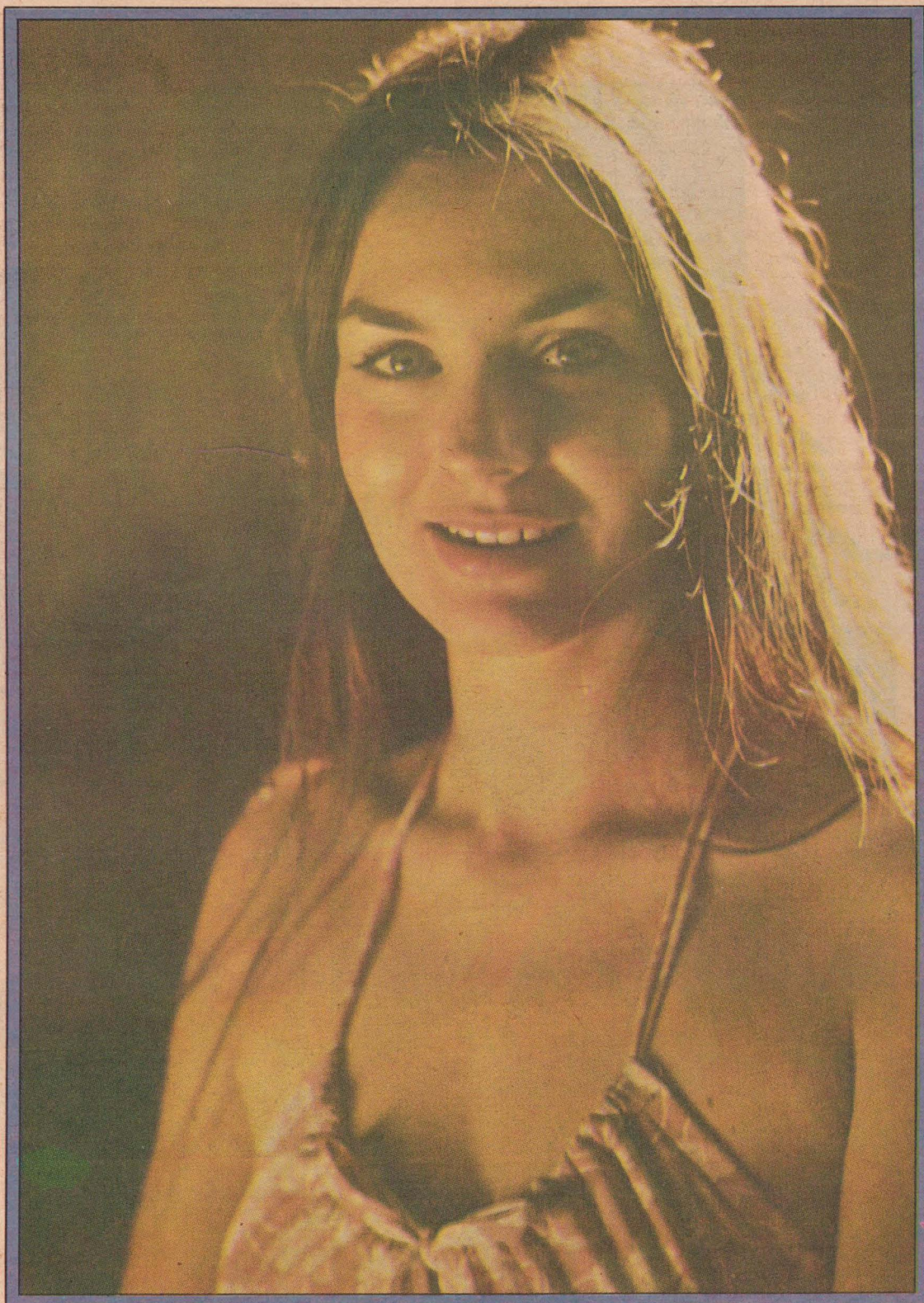
Reynolds loved Clement's Nashville set-up almost as much as the old Memphis scene. "At JMI, Jack would book musicians for nine hours just to find out which pickers would fit in with what we were trying to do," he remembers. "He taught his engineers exactly the way he liked to work."

"We all came to town bored with the assembly-line Nashville sound. At the time there was too much of 'four-sides-and-three-hours,' too much rhythm guitar all thinned out. I didn't want the guitar covering other rhythms. I like rhythm out of the bass and bass drum. I like a clean sound where you can hear, less echo."

Most of all he didn't like to rush. "I hate the assembly-line approach, musicians writing down the chords before they've even heard the lyrics."

And what of Cowboy Jack Clement, the middle-aged madman? He's a couple miles east of Jack's Tracks now, reassembling his forces in his Belmont Boulevard quarters and trying to become the nation's greatest 45-year-old rookie recording star. Though he's produced for Elektra Records by Jim Malloy, it's still pure Clement, pretty much doing it his own way.

Jack Clement to Allen Reynolds to Crystal Gayle. It's a new music in the making, and what a pleasure to watch it grow quietly while everybody else is busy watching the trend list.



While Nashville was closely watching the rebellious sounds issuing from Austin, Texas, was a new music brewing right in its midst? It takes only a listen to the recordings of stunning Crystal Gayle (above), produced by the pair at left, Allen Reynolds (left) and Jack Clement (right), to know that something new is cooking at Jack's Tracks.

Louis L'Amour's 'Men

Louis L'Amour, the world's most famous Western writer, has lived the life of his fictional characters. Since leaving his native Jamestown, North Dakota, at 15, he's been a longshoreman, lumberjack, elephant handler, hay shocker, flume builder, fruit picker and an officer on tank destroyers during World War II.

The following is one in a series of short stories that he has given CountryStyle special permission to reprint. The story is typical of the L'Amour style—painstakingly accurate. L'Amour's knowledge of the West comes from his extensive travels, his biographies of more than 1,000 Western gunfighters, and his prodigious reading (his library holds over 2,000 volumes of Western lore).

Reprinted from WAR PARTY by Louis L'Amour. Copyright © 1975 by Bantam Books, Inc. By permission of Bantam Books.

Cap Moffit was a careful man. That he was 42 years old and still alive proved that beyond a doubt, for Cap Moffit was a professional killer.

He had learned the lesson of care from his first professional killing. In that case—and he had been 15 years younger—Cap had picked a fight with his victim and shot him down and been nearly lynched as a result.

From that day on, Cap Moffit planned every killing as painstakingly as a great general might plan a battle. And he no longer made mistakes, knowing he need make but one. Over the years he had developed a technique, a carefully worked out pattern of operation.

He rode into the country over back trails, located the man he was to kill, and then spied upon him from cover until all his habits were known. Then, and only then, did Cap Moffit move in for the kill.

He always waited until his man was alone. He always caught him without cover in case the first shot was not a kill. He waited until his man was on the ground, so that a startled horse could not carry off a wounded man, or deliver the body too soon among friends. And also because it made that first shot more certain.

He never approached the body after a man fell, always went immediately away. And so far he had never failed.

Slightly below medium height, he was of slender build, and his face was narrow and quiet, with pale blue eyes and a tight, thin-lipped mouth. He invariably wore a narrow-brimmed gray hat, scuffed and solid, a gray vest over a blue cotton shirt, and faded jeans outside of boots with rundown heels. His gray coat was usually tied over his bedroll behind his saddle.

Cap Moffit lay comfortably on his stomach in a slight depression in the partial shade of the pines that crested Elk Ridge. Below him, in the long, green valley, was the T U Ranch, and living alone on that ranch was the man he was to kill. He was a man unknown to Moffit, although Cap knew his name was Jim Bostwick.

"Don't figure him for an easy one," his employer had warned. "The man's no gunfighter, but he gives me the impression that he's been around. He's tough, and he won't scare at all. We tried that."

The advice bored Cap. It mattered not at all who or what Jim Bostwick was. He would have no chance to show himself as wise or tough. Once the situation was known, Cap Moffit would kill him, and that would be that. Of this, Cap Moffit had been sure.

Now, after five days of watching the ranch, he was no longer so positive. Men, he had discovered, were creatures of habit. All the little practices of living sooner or later fell into a pattern, and once that pattern was known, it was comparatively easy to find a point at which a man was usually motionless and within range.

For the first three days Jim Bostwick had come from the house at 5:30 in the morning and fed his



To Match The Hills'

horse oats and corn. He curried the horse while it finished the grain. Not many men took the time to care for a horse so thoroughly. That completed, he brought a wooden bucket from the house and, walking to the spring which was 40 steps from the door, he filled the bucket and returned. Only then did he prepare breakfast.

By the second day Cap Moffit had decided that if the practice continued, the place for the killing was at the corral while Bostwick was currying the horse. The pole corral offered no cover, the man was practically motionless, and there was good cover for Moffit within 40 yards. If the first shot failed there was time to empty the gun before Bostwick could reach shelter. And Cap Moffit had never missed once since he had entered his present profession. He did not dare miss.

Moreover, the spot he had selected for himself offered easy access and retreat over low ground, so he could not be seen reaching his objective. On the third day the pattern was repeated, and Cap Moffit decided if it held true one more day he would act.

He had taken every care to conceal his own presence. His camp was six miles away and carefully hidden. He never used the same vantage point on two successive days. He kept his fieldglasses shaded so their glass would not reflect light.

Yet, despite all his care, he had given himself away, and now the hunter was also the hunted.

On the morning of the fourth day, Jim Bostwick came from the house before Cap Moffit was settled into shooting position. Instead of going to the corral, he went around the house and disappeared from sight behind it. Puzzled by the sudden change, Cap waited, sure the frame of habit would prove too strong and that the man would return to his usual ways. Suddenly, his eyes caught a movement at the corral and he was startled to see the horse eating from a bucket. Now, what the hell!

Jim Bostwick was nowhere in sight.

Then suddenly he appeared, coming from the spring with a bucket of fresh water. At the corner of the cabin he stopped and shaded his eyes, looking up the trail. Was he expecting visitors?

Bostwick disappeared within the house, and smoke began to climb from the chimney. Cap Moffit lit a cigaret and tried to puzzle it out. If Bostwick followed his usual pattern now he would devote more than an hour to eating and cleaning up afterward. But why had he gone around the house? How had he reached the corral without being seen? And the spring? Could he possibly be aware that he was being watched?

Moffit dismissed that possibility. No chance of it, none at all. He had given no indication of his presence.

Nevertheless, men do not change a habit pattern lightly, and something had changed that of Bostwick, at least for a few minutes. And why had he looked so carefully up the trail? Was he expecting someone?

No matter. Moffit would kill Bostwick, and he would not wait much longer. Just to see if anyone did come.

Moffit was rubbing out his first cigaret of the day when his eye caught a flicker of movement. A big man, even bigger than Bostwick, was standing on the edge of the brush. He carried a rifle, and he moved toward the house. The fellow wore a buckskin shirt, had massive chest and shoulders, and walked with a curious, sidelong limp. At the door he suddenly ducked inside. Faintly, Moffit heard a rumble of voices, but he was too far away to hear anything that was said.

He scowled irritably. Who was the man in the buckskin shirt? What did he want?

Had he but known it, there was only one man in the cabin. That man was Bostwick himself. Stripping off the buckskin shirt, he removed the other shirts and padding he had worn under it and threw the worn-out hat to a hook. He was a big, tough man, to whom life had given much in trouble and hard work. He had come here to hold down this ranch for a friend until that friend could get back to make his own fight for it, a friend whose wife was fighting for her life now, and for the life of their child.

Jim Bostwick knew Charley Gore wanted this ranch and that he would stop at nothing to get it. They had tried to scare him first, but that hadn't worked. Gore had tried to ride him into a fight in town, when Gore was surrounded by his boys, and Bostwick had refused it. Knowing the game as he did, and knowing Gore, Bostwick had known this would not be the end of it.

Naturally wary, he had returned to the ranch, and days had gone by quietly. Yet he remained alert. And then one morning as he had started for the corral, he had caught a flash of something out of the corner of his eyes. He had not stopped nor turned his head, but when he was currying the horse he got a chance to study the rim of Elk Ridge without seeming to.

Cap Moffit was a student of men and their habits. In the case of Jim Bostwick he had studied well, but not well enough.

What he had seen was simple enough. A bird had started to light in a tree, then had flown up and away. Something was in that tree or was moving on the ground under it.

It could have been any one of many things.

Cap Moffit was a student of men and their habits. In the case of Jim Bostwick he had studied well, but not well enough. In the first place he had not guessed that Bostwick had a habit of suspicion, and that he also had a habit of liking to walk in the dark.

It was simply that he liked the cool of night, the stars, the stillness of it. He had walked at night after supper ever since he was a boy. And so it was that the night after the bird had flown up Jim Bostwick, wearing moccasins for comfort, took a walk. Only that night he went farther afield.

He had been walking west of the ranch when he smelled dust. There was no mistaking it. He paused, listening, and heard the faint sound of hoofbeats dwindling away into distance.

At the point where he now stood was the junction between two little-used trails, and the hoofbeats had sounded heading south down the Snow Creek trail. But where could the rider have come from? The only place, other than the ranch, would be high on Elk Ridge itself.

Puzzled, Jim Bostwick made his way back to the ranch. If this rider had been on Elk Ridge that morning, and had caused that bird to fly up, he must have spent the day there. What was he doing there? Obviously he had been watching the ranch. Yet, Bostwick thought, he could have been mistaken about the bird. A snake or a mountain lion might have caused it to fly up. But he doubted it.

The following morning, an hour before day, he

was not in the cabin. He was lying among the rocks above Snow Creek trail, several miles from the ranch, his horse hidden well back in the brush. He did not see the rider, for the man kept off the trail in the daylight, but he heard him. Heard him cough, heard his horse's hoofs strike stone and knew from the sound that the rider had gone up through the trees to Elk Ridge.

When the rider was safely out of the way, Jim Bostwick went out and studied the tracks. He then returned to the horse he had been riding and started back for the ranch, but he circled wide until he could ride down into the arroyo that skirted the north side of the ranch. This arroyo was narrow and invisible from the top of the ridge. In a grassy spot near the ranch house, he turned the horse into a small corral. It was where Tom Utterback kept his extra riding stock.

Then he crept back to the ranch house and went about his chores in the usual way, careful to indicate no interest in the ridge. He was also careful not to stand still where he would long be visible.

Inside the house, he prepared breakfast and considered the situation carefully. Obviously he was being watched. There was no point in watching him unless somebody meant to kill him. If the killer was that careful, he was obviously a dangerous man, and not to be taken lightly.

Why had he not made an attempt? Because he was stalking. Because he had not yet found the right opportunity.

Bostwick sat long over his coffee and mentally explored every approach to the situation. Putting himself in the unseen killer's place, he decided what he would do, and the following morning he began his puzzling tactics. Going around the house he had gone down to the arroyo, then slipped back and, by using available cover, got the feed to his own horse. The ruse of the buckskin shirt had been used to make the watcher believe another man had entered the house. If he was correct in his guess that the killer was a careful man, the fellow would wait until he knew Bostwick was alone.

Bostwick was playing for time, working out a solution. Somehow he had to find out when the killer expected to kill, and from where. It was not long before he arrived at the same solution that had come to Cap Moffit.

The one time he could be depended upon to be at a given spot, not too far from cover, was when he curried his horse. That black was the love of his life, and he cared for the horse as he would for a child. The logical place was from the bed of the T U Creek. Flowing as it did, from Elk Ridge, it presented a natural approach. Searching it, Bostwick found a few faint tracks. The killer had been down this way, had made sure of his ground.

Jim Bostwick prepared supper that night with a scowl on his face. Something, some idea, nagged at his consciousness but was not quite realized. There was something he had missed, but one thing he was sure of. Whoever the killer was, he had been hired by Charley Gore.

Now it has been said that Jim Bostwick was no gunfighter. Yet there was a time when he had faced one, back in Yellowjacket, and Jim Bostwick had come out ahead. Those who knew him best knew that Jim Bostwick was a tough man, easy-going usually, but get him mad and he would walk into a den of grizzlies and drag the old man grizzly out by the scruff of his neck. He was that kind of man. Angered, he had an unreasoning courage that was absolutely without fear of consequences or death.

"Men To Match The Hills" continues.

COUNTRY MAILBOX

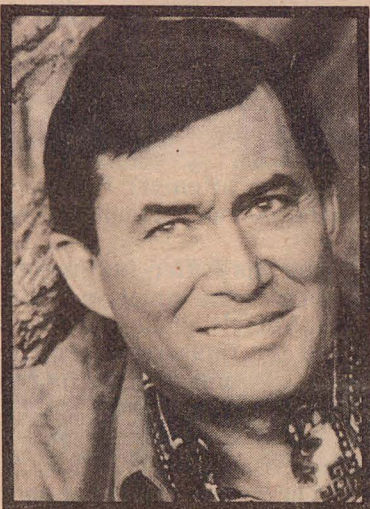
Country Mailbox is reserved for your letters. We'd like you to use it to express your opinions about anything you read in CountryStyle. If you like us, tell us. If you don't, we want to hear that, too. Send your letters to: COUNTRY MAILBOX, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, Illinois 60131.

Dear CountryStyle,

After reading the article on Don Gibson I came away convinced he's just jealous of the Outlaws recent popularity. Now, I love to listen to my Jimmie Rodgers, Hank Williams, Hank Snow, Bill Monroe and Roy Acuff records just as much as I love to listen to Willie and Waylon.

I'll say this much to Don Gibson—Willie Nelson & Waylon Jennings certainly aren't just a 'fad' and I don't mind if they do look like idiots on stage (as Gibson put it) as long as they make the terrific country music they've been making all these years.

Frank Vegazo
Hialeah, Fla. 33010



Don Gibson

Dear CountryStyle,

Being a subscriber to your magazine, and usually do enjoy all the articles very much; I find this month's issue to be lacking in proper courtesy and fairness.

To be sure, Don Gibson's beautiful song, "I Can't Stop Loving You," has given us all many, many hours of pleasure. I do believe it can be done just as well by an Outlaw, in jeans and T-shirt as in the apparel of Mr. Gibson.

One can hardly agree that the Outlaws are a desperate,

losing, on the run group, when they have sold more records than Mr. Gibson in the last two years.

Having seen an Outlaw Concert here in Tucson several months ago, I failed to see that the audience of thousands noticed or cared what articles of clothing they wore. And that audience was made up of people of all ages and enjoyed every minute they were on stage.

I've seen many C&W groups with their sequins and rhinestones but not one could compare to this concert given by Willie, Waylon, Tompall and the beautiful Jessi Colter.

So perhaps Mr. Gibson should keep in mind that we buy records for the musical quality and attend their concerts to hear and watch their performances, not to criticize their clothes or hairstyles. If we wanted to attend a fashion show, we'd go to Macy's or Nieman-Marcus. But being an old Iowa farm girl before marrying an Air Force career man and traveling all over the world and dressing in many different cultural costumes, I'm glad to see performers with the spirit to dress and act as they believe—it is really rather refreshing after a lot of the publicity and false information that is constantly being written and broadcast out of Nashville, about this or that entertainer.

In closing I'd just like to say, no matter what the dress, there has never been a better songwriter than Willie Nelson.

Mrs. Pat Koch
Tucson, Ariz. 85710

Ed.—Gibson has his very definite views about this issue and we merely allowed him to express his feelings.

Dear CountryStyle:

Openness and honesty in lyrics are not synonymous for vulgarity and smuttiness. In your article, "Suggestive Lyrics Are Still Off-Color To Stars" (April 7), your stars suggest that if it is an honest lyric about real feelings, it isn't wholesome. Kris Kristofferson and other lyricists write songs about the way many of us feel in a way we wish we could express those feelings. What these "suggestive lyrics" mean to the individual listener are what determines their vulgarity. To me they are true reflections of the feelings of many people at this time and that's what country music has always been.

Cathy Dulcet
South Bend, Ind. 46628

Ed.—We received many letters similar to yours, supporting the new honesty in song lyrics.

Dear CountryStyle,

Please tell me where I could buy a song sheet of Loretta Lynn singing "Coal Miner's Daughter." I have the record but it is hard to make some of the words out.

I am Scotch and a coal miner's daughter, too, so I would like the words. Thank you.

Mrs. A. Marshall
Amherst, Ohio

Ed.—You can obtain a copy of "Coal Miner's Daughter" sheet music by writing to Loretta Lynn's music publishing company, Coal Miners Music, Inc., 1511 Sigler St., Suite 315, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

Dear CountryStyle,

I was starting to write you and ask you why you had not had an article on Tammy Wynette, when I received my March 10th issue in the mail. Being one of Tammy's biggest fans and also a member of her fan club I was very happy to see the "First Lady" on the cover of your magazine and I enjoyed the article by James Neff very much.

I was also pleased with the Don Williams, George Jones and Sonny James articles.

I have all your magazines including the collector's issue with Willie on the cover, which I purchased last summer when visiting Nashville.

The Readers Poll which you started in this (March 10th) issue is a great idea.

Please keep up the good work. I will be renewing my subscription very soon.

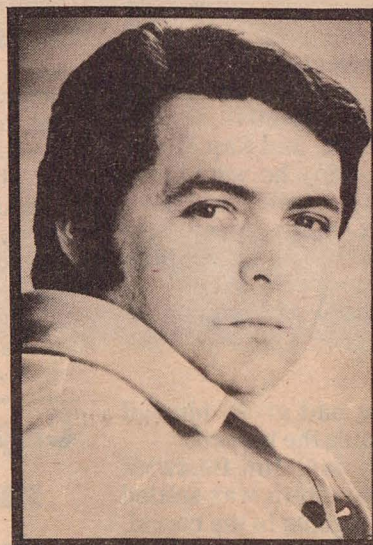
Ronald Wright
Pikeville, Ky.

P.S. The "History of Country Music" articles are also great.

Ed.—After reading how pleased you were with the issue, we hope we'll get your subscription soon.



Tammy Wynette



Mickey Gilley

Dear CountryStyle,

I was really disappointed to see the story on Mickey Gilley, the way Jerry Lee Lewis was put down was terrible. I don't think if a person can say anything good about someone they should keep their mouth shut. Mickey Gilley in no way can be compared to Jerry Lee. Jerry has forgot more about a piano than Mickey Gilley will ever learn. Jerry Lee Lewis is in a bracket all to himself. Like the "Killer" says: They may imitate but they'll never duplicate.

Wayne Collins
Cincinnati, Ohio 45223

Ed.—We think you read some things into the story that weren't implied.

Dear CountryStyle:

Just a great big thank you for the beautiful cover and feature story on Johnny & June Cash in the March 24 issue. The story was very well written except for an inaccuracy in the article on Luther Perkins. It was the album recorded at San Quentin in 1969 where John announced Luther's death 7 months earlier and did "Boy Named Sue." The Folsom album was done in February 1968 and was one of the last, if not the last, that Luther appeared on.

Mrs. Millie Unterberger
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15235

Ed.—Thank you for setting the matter straight.

Dear Vince Sorren,

Jimmy Buffett has asked me to try to get a print of the color photograph of him that was published in CountryStyle No. 8 (January 1977). The photo appeared on Page 47, in the article "Jimmy Buffett: Shrimp Boat Rocker Stays Put" by James Neff.

Jimmy likes the photo so much he wants to hang a copy of it in his bus. Either a 5x7 or 8x10 print would be fine.

Sincere thanks from us all.

Nick Tosches,
Publicity Director
Don Light Talent, Inc.

Ed.—We are sending you a copy of the photo you requested.

Dear CountryStyle,

Could you tell me how to get an autographed picture of Dolly Parton for my husband?

Rita Sarandrea
Waterbury, Conn.

Ed.—You can write to her booking agency at: Top Billing, Inc., P.O. Box 12514, Nashville, Tenn. 37212. If they don't have any photos, we are sure they can tell you where you can obtain one.



Dolly Parton

Choosing A Stereo System

(Continued From Page 4)

very long time (sound-wise that is).

THE SYSTEM. Now the nitty-gritty—packaging the system. You'll notice there are four charts here. They show some of the more popular, more inexpensive receivers, speakers, turntables and cartridges. The lists are obviously not complete but they do list some of the more trustworthy manufacturers.

The specifications listed are merely those most common for comparison. Speaker specs are left out, so you'll be forced to trust your ears. Prices shown are manufacturer's suggested list (or some other legalistic word for list price). NEVER pay list price for anything.

If any of these charts might be considered lacking, it's the

receiver chart. That's only because a little more power than that listed would be nice to have.

ARITHMETIC. The way to figure out a good price is really pretty simple. Markups on audio products are more or less uniform. Cartridges and some speaker lines have the most inflated profit margins, so watch out.

With this in mind, and without getting into a lot of pricing hassles, figure to start with a price at least 33 1-3 per cent off list. If you can get more... great. But you'll have to earn it by shopping.

SHOPPING. Shopping has a lot to do with where you live. If you're in a major hi-fi market—a big city (especially in New York, L.A., Chicago, etc.)—you'll get a better price.

If you live in a place where

CHART 4. Cartridges

Manufacturer	Model No.	Price with Stylus
Empire	2000E/I	\$45
Pickering	Vi5 Micro IVAME	\$50
Shure	M95ED	\$60

CHART 3. Turntables

Manufacturer	Model No.	Price	Drive	Wow & Flutter	S/N
Acoustic Research	AR-XA	\$129	Belt	0.03%	40dB
Garrard	125SB	\$110	Belt	0.08%	58dB
B I C	940	\$110 (without base & dust cover)	Belt	0.05%	65dB
Kenwood	KP-1022	\$110	Belt	0.07%	62dB
Philips	GA-427	\$120	Belt	0.07%	55dB
Pioneer	PL-112D	\$100	Belt	0.07%	50dB
Technics	SL-20	\$100	Belt	0.05%	65dB

there is only one main hi-fi store, you might be better off (pricewise) to buy through a reputable mail order house. A place like Warehouse Sound in San Luis Obispo, Calif., can beat a lot of prices and still offer amazing service through the mail.

But let's get back to shopping the big chains. I say the big chains because they are more apt to discount a well-known brand name system. The department stores are not as good. They sell prepackaged systems or compacts and get top dollar because they aren't competing directly with the audio chains. Big audio stores sometimes resemble department stores, so just look for a place that carries at least 10 to 15 different brands of each component.

To shop effectively, you

must pick out the amount you want to spend, then decide which components you want for that money. Compare newspaper ads, radio ads, in-store promotions. Then pin down a salesman and let him get the best price for you. And DON'T GET SWITCHED. Switching you to another brand, or better yet the house brand is the easiest way to make money on you. Once you decide on a system, shop price. And don't believe all the "we buy in huge quantities" bull. Almost every dealer in the country pays the same thing for products. There are minor savings here and there, but they won't be passed on to you.

When you shop price, be nice about it. The salesman has to make a living, too. It's a good idea to take his business card and write the

price he quoted on the back. If you can get a better price somewhere else, give the first guy another chance at the deal. If he gets nasty, or tries to switch you, or simply doesn't want the deal... fine. Go to the other place.

When you make the purchase, be sure to get any exchange or refund information in writing. If the store promises trade-ins, over-the-counter exchange, or anything, get it in writing on the receipt. And don't forget to ask for some FREE speaker wire—about 25 feet. It's all part of the game.

Now, go out, pick the stuff you like, and start dickering.

Bob Serata welcomes any reader's questions on stereo systems. Send your queries to:

Bob Serata
c/o CountryStyle Magazine
11058 W. Addison St.,
Franklin Park, Ill. 60131

1/2

price

save
50% off
the cover price

of **COUNTRYSTYLE**

if you act now!

CountryStyle is the World's No. 1 country music magazine. Just like country music, CountryStyle's got something to say, each and every issue. Inside the colorful pages of CountryStyle biweekly, read all about your favorite country stars, truckers, CBs, country radio and people who live a country lifestyle. We guarantee that CountryStyle will make you smile!

☐ I want to take advantage of this Introductory Subscription offer and save 50% off the cover price of CountryStyle. Enclosed is just \$5 for 10 issues.

NAME _____ AGE _____
PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Mail to: CountryStyle Subscriptions
11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, IL 60131

Personal

Hey, CountryStyle readers! Here's a great way to make new friends who love country music and country style life as much as you do. To introduce this new correspondence column, CountryStyle will run your ad of up to 30 words for only \$5 per issue (less than 20¢ per word)—additional insertions only \$2 each. Make your ad interesting by adding who your favorite performer is, what your hobbies are, etc. Mail ads to: CountryStyle Personals, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, IL 60131. Hurry, this offer can't last very long. CountryStyle reserves the right to edit or refuse any ad.

OKLA. FEMALE—13-5127-F - Divorcee, 34, 5'3", 115, brown hair & eyes. Likes sports, reading, traveling, C&W music. Would like to correspond with man 35-45 yrs. old.

CALIF. FEMALE—17-5145-F - Widow, 28, white, brn. hr., blue eyes, 5'1". Like Country music, cooking, sewing, camping. Seek male companion, 28-40, possible marriage. Photo & phone if possible.

WI. FEMALE—17-5144-F - Single, sweet, cute, fun, lovable, Irish, 35. Live for rock & C&W music. Purely plain, but smart. Need band very versatile. I play rhythm. Photo on request.

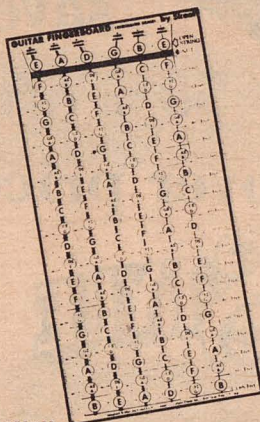
CALIF. FEMALE—18-5141-F - Divorced, white, 25, non-drinker or smoker, three children, 5, 3, & 1. Like C&W music, camping, fishing, traveling. Seek to correspond with kind, honest, understanding man.

VA. FEMALE—20-5142-F - Secretary, never married, 35, 5'4", brn. hr. & eyes. Like spectator sports, reading, animals, children, C&W music, country living. Seek correspondence, friendship with males 35-50 who share interests.

TEXAS FEMALE—12-5105-F - Lonely, 5'4", 130. Likes C&W music. Seek male, kind, sincere. Photo, please.

TO ANSWER AN AD: Write letters to prospective friends. Place each letter in an envelope and write code number of the ad and your return address on the back of envelope. Please send \$2 for any 3 letters you wish forwarded or \$1 for 1 letter. Place all the letters you wish forwarded in a larger envelope and mail to CountryStyle Letters, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, IL 60131. Checks or M.O. should be made out to CountryStyle.

LEARN GUITAR or BASS Fast!



Now you can master scales fast and easy with our unique finger and note position chart. 6 string up to 19th fret for Guitar or all 4 strings on Electric Bass to the 12th fret. Ideal for students, classrooms. You can read it with half an eye because it's GIANT SIZE—18" x 36".

Thousands in use worldwide. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Send only \$4.95 each, check or money order to:

Courtesy Press, Dept. CS, 11058 W. Addison Franklin Park, Ill. 60131

WI FEMALE—13-5124-F - Blue eyed blonde, 40s, 5'12", 149, love country music, write songs, play guitar, favorites Waylon & Willie. Live alone with my hobbies. Would like lonely guy to share them with. Other hobbies are recording and broadcasting. Musically yours.

UP-STATE N.Y. WIDOW—15-5135-F - Intelligent, pretty, 31, 5'5 1/2", 127, bld-brn. hr., grey eyes, son 8 years old, miss working as a team, towards future goals & security of love shared as a family. Enjoy cook-outs, camping, conversation, C&W music, etc. Exchange letters & photos.

ARIZONA MALE—16-5137-1 - White, 36, divorced, 6', 165, brn. hr., blue eyes, Capricorn, self-employed, intelligent, honest, C&W fan. Would like to meet attractive females to 40, for friendship, possible marriage. Photos please.

UTAH MALE—18-5139-1 - White, 28, good looking, 6'1", 225, brn. eyes, brn. hr., divorced, very gentle, affectionate and I have been hurt. Love C&W music. Seek sincere, goodlooking, shapely, country girl, 21-35 who is not just out for goodtimes & money, a one man woman who does not mind starting over. I love children. 1 or 2 small children OK. Photo, please.

INDIANA MALE—16-5138-1 - White, divorced, 38, 6', 180, own home. Like traveling, camping, motorcycling. Seek attractive girl to age 38. Children OK. Favorites are Don Williams, Ray Price. Photo if possible.

ILLINOIS MALE—16-5140-1 - White, 27, divorced, has custody of 2 children, 5'10", blk. hr., hazel eyes, 175. Likes all music, dancing, traveling, fun with kids. Own home, securities, marriage minded. Ans. all. Belleville-St. Louis area.

IDAHO MALE—16-5136-1 - 23, 5'9", brn. hr., hazel eyes. Likes hiking, fishing, sports, C&W music. Like Dolly Parton, Donna Fargo. Seek honest, good natured, older woman for affectionate friendship. Ans. all. Photo please.

MD. MALE—17-5146-1 - 36, 6'1", 145, brn. hr., brn. eyes, divorced, lonely, one child, 14, steady worker, marriage minded. Like putting models together, races, C&W music. Loretta Lynn, Jeannie C. Riley, Johnny Cash are my favorites. Photo, phone, address.

NEW JERSEY MALE—17-5143-1 - Handsome, faithful, generous, understanding, 30, 5'9", 160, financially secure. Seek beautiful slim female, 18-24 who will relocate for early marriage. Child welcomed. Past unimportant. Photo please.

VA. MALE—18-5147-1 - Single, white, 23, 5'8", blue eyes, brn. hr. & mustache. Like music, sports, movies, travel, making new friends. Roy Clark favorite. Seek friendly correspondence with females, 17-24.

N.Y. MALE—15-5134-1 - Outgoing, 23, 5'9", 147, songwriter. Likes Loretta Lynn, Johnny Paycheck, Larry Gatlin. Looking for marriage minded female, 20-26. Photo and phone.

INDIANA MALE—15-5133-1 - 39, 5'11", 165. Seeks lady for friendship between Indianapolis, Ind. and Louisville, Ky. area. Any nationality. Send name, address, photo, phone, age.

N.J. MALE—16-5132-1 - Handsome, financially secure, 35, 5'9", 160, romantic, generous, understanding. Seeking marriage-minded, affectionate, slim, shapely young girl, 18-25. Child welcomed. Past unimportant. Photo please.

Record in Music City, USA!

Give your Record a Chance to be Heard

We are career builders with complete recording, promotion, and distribution services specializing in services for new artists and new labels.

Send all material for review to:
Roger Ricker

26 Music Square East
Nashville, TN 37203
(615) 254-5074 or 5075 - day
(615) 822-3583 - day, night

POEMS SET TO MUSIC

Let our staff of professional songwriters turn your words into a song. Send your best poems for prompt consideration. **FREE EXAMINATION**
Songs recorded - phonograph records made.
NASHVILLE MUSIC PRODUCTIONS
Box 40001, Studio 9, Nash., Tn. 37204

Start Your COUNTRYSTYLE Collection Today

Only \$1.00 per issue





















Clip Coupon Below To Order The Back Issues You Missed!

Send To: **CountryStyle Back Issues**
11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, IL 60131

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please rush me the following back issues for only \$1.00 each. Indicate in the space provided how many of each issue you would like.

(A) (B) (C) (D) (E) (F) (G) (H) (I) (J) (K) (L) (M)

Enclosed you will find my check/money order for \$ _____

Sorry, All Back Issues Must Be Paid In Advance!

C.S. No. 16

'Like Starting Anew,' Carl Perkins Notes

By LARRY RHODES

Playing Nashville's Exit Inn, Carl Perkins was back together with his sons and happy. He thought about the happy days when the Perkinses used to be a family act, back in the days of "Blue Suede Shoes" in the late 1950s.

But that was before tragedy and alcoholism nearly destroyed his career.

His youngest brother Jay played guitar in his band until he died in an auto accident in 1959. This tragedy combined with Perkins' mind-twisting career ride from living on welfare to becoming one of the country's biggest rockabilly acts drove him to drink.

He finally dried out. Then a few years later he heard the news—his oldest brother Clayton, also an alcoholic, and a fiddle player in his band, had killed himself.

Laden with this emotional baggage, Perkins returned to the stage. He wondered if the Exit-In audience would accept him.

Perkins romped through his old hits so skillfully and energetically that crowd couldn't have known that he cut his left hand so severely several years ago that he had to practically learn to play guitar all over again. One finger still won't bend at all its joints. He was just being Carl Perkins, prancing all over the stage while picking his guitar breaks, putting in a good word for sharing love with one another and even including a medley of hand-clapping Southern spirituals in his act.

"I feel good," Perkins said after he finished a show. "It's just like starting again in the business. But this time I've lived long enough to be wiser, and I think I definitely did some things that I won't do again. I'm enjoying being with my boys and letting 'em see the country that I used to come home from and tell 'em about."

Perkins' new band also includes his sons Stan and Greg as well as Lee McAlpine and David Cee.

Until fairly recently, Perkins and his band, The C.P. Express, have been playing in very small towns. Perkins likes this.

"You know, America's still out there if you'll just get off the interstate highways and look for it," Perkins said. "I still like to go to Memphis on old (U.S.) Highway 70 instead of I-40."

"Show business has priced itself away from a lot of these people. A lot of the towns we've been working in are so small that they haven't had a concert in years, but I can get closer to a small audience and communicate with them better."

The way things have been shaping up lately, the demand for Perkins may force him to play to large audiences. The Exit-In show will probably be aired on network TV in July.

Perkins recently wrote an autobiography, "A New Disciple In Blue Suede Shoes." In it, he explains how his recent conversion to Christianity has helped him overcome alcoholism. The book will be out by mid-summer.

"I wrote every word of it with a pencil, and my daughter Debbie typed it and spelled some of the words right," Perkins said. "She was startin' to put some of the big college words in there, but I told her I had said 'tater' and not 'potato' for years and that I wanted to keep it that way in the book. She left those things the way I said 'em, and that's the way the publishing company accepted it."

Perkins has a lot he wants to tell people, and that's why he's writing serious songs. No more "one-for-the-money" lyrics.

"I want my songs to be something that my grandchildren's children will hear and say 'My great-grandad wrote that song.'"

Perkins' April tour in Europe was far from his first. Sun Records artists were popular in England when the

Beatles were learning to play.

A tour package of the old Sun roster—Jerry Lee Lewis, etc.—would be a smash in England.

"There's a promoter in England that's working on that right now," Perkins said. "Over there, everybody that was ever on Sun Records they love and respect. They feel that Sun Records gave them a type of music that they might otherwise never have heard."

Tell Us What You Think

We think we have a pretty good idea of what you want in CountryStyle, but we'd like to be sure. That's what we're all about—giving you what you want and what you haven't been able to get anywhere else.

So, if you have a pen or pencil around (borrow or steal one if you don't), how about filling out the questionnaire below?

You'd be doing us a big favor. We'll repay you by giving you an even better magazine.

Dear CountryStyle:

Thanks,
The Editors

Okay, I'll do it this time but you'd better not be wasting my time. Don't blame me if you don't like some of the answers. You asked for it.

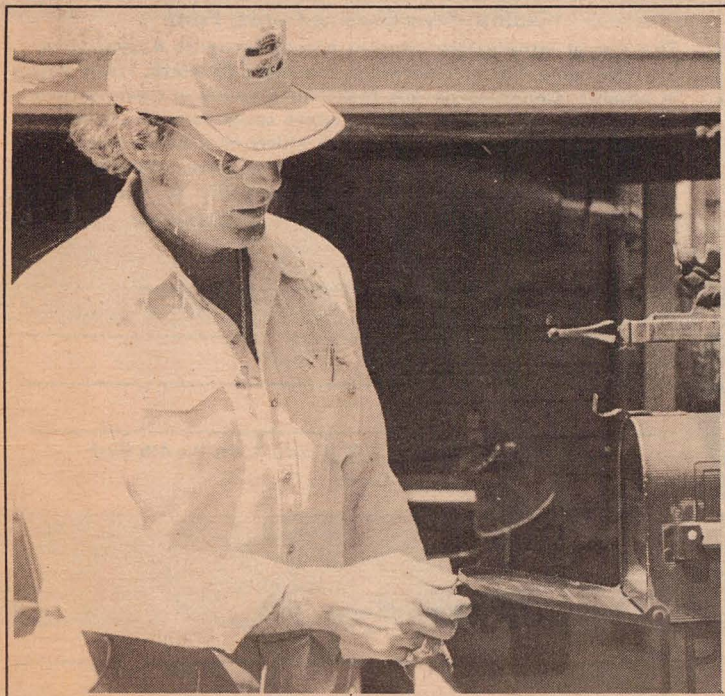
- Who's your favorite country star?
Current performer:
Male _____ Female _____
Old time performer:
Male _____ Female _____
- What's your favorite country song?
Recent _____
Golden Oldie _____
- What's your favorite country group? _____
- Where do you hear most of your country music? List 1-2-3 order:
Radio _____ Records _____ Tapes _____ Concerts _____
Other (specify) _____
- Do you own a guitar? Yes _____ No _____ If yes what kind. Acoustic _____ Electric _____
Other _____
- Do you own:
Stereo _____ What kind? _____ What's its value? _____
Tape player _____ What kind? _____ What's its value? _____
- What article did you like the most in CountryStyle? _____
- What article did you like the least? _____
- What would you like to see more of? _____
- Do you make more than \$15,000 a year: _____ Less than \$15,000: _____
- What magazines do you regularly read? _____
- Do you get your magazines at the newsstand? _____ By subscription? _____
- Do you read the ads in these magazines? Yes _____ No _____
- How much money do you spend on country entertainment per month (records, tapes, concerts, etc.)? _____
- What is the average cost for tickets to country shows in your town? _____
- What type of country music do you enjoy the most (one only): Progressive _____
Bluegrass _____ Country jazz _____ Gospel _____ Other _____
- What are your favorite TV shows? _____
- Favorite movies _____
- Do you smoke or chew tobacco? _____
- Do you drink beer _____ wine _____ mixed drinks _____
- Are you a student? Yes _____ No _____ School _____
- ☐ Please enter my subscription. I'm enclosing \$5 for 10 issues of CountryStyle.
- ☐ I'm already a subscriber.
- Male _____ Female _____

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Clip and Mail to: CountryStyle Survey, 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, Ill. 60131



Carl Perkins at his mailbox. Those royalty checks for "Blue Suede Shoes" still come in, but he's far from those "one-for-the-money" days.

CountryStyle Classified

Interest To All

\$1 MILLION CASHIER'S CHECK! Fulfill someone's lifetime dream with a non-negotiable Cashier's Check for a cool \$1,000,000.00. Mail Name and \$3 to Millionaire, Box 6798, Dept. CS, San Jose, CA 95150.

PEANUT PLANTS. Starter Kit, instructions. Grow your own peanuts for office or home. Conversational, decorative, food by product. \$3.00. Peanut Patch, Dept. CS, Box 18679, Tucson, AZ. 85731.

YOUR HANDWRITING ANALYZED by an expert in the field. Send sample and \$5.00 to: CAMCO ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 1417, Dept. CS, Bristol, Va. 24201.

BREAKER — BREAKER! This is CB slang, the CBER's guide to CB lingo. Complete cross references. Vital police and 10 codes. Buy me, come on. Send \$3.00 p.p.d. to: CBS ENTERPRISES, Box 8457A, Dept. CS, Jacksonville, Fla. 32211.

HARVEY WALLBANGER CAKE. A very special cake! Guaranteed a sensation on any table. \$1.00. Peterson, Box 153B, Dept. CS, Wyoming, RI 02890.

\$1,000,000. YOU CAN BECOME millionaire overnight. Eastern States Lotteries. Details free. Send addressed, stamped envelope. Eastern, Box 262 D, Salem, New Jersey 08079.

PSORIASIS VICTIMS. Send for information on guaranteed successful control of Psoriasis. SASSE: Formula, Box 8045, Dept. CS, Boise, Idaho 83707.

LIVING TOGETHER? Are you protected? The Living Together Kit includes a set of agreements and certificate on simulated parchment ready for signatures. Protects both parties. Strengthens your relationship. Send \$10.00 to: Living Together Inc., 850 7th Ave., Suite 705 CS, N.Y.C. 10019.

50 PER CENT Bank Interest. Details \$10.00. Conley Enterprises, 615 Majestic Bldg., Dept. CS, San Antonio, Texas 78205.

FREE BOOKLIST — Old novels, cookbooks, children's, mysteries, westerns, romances. Authors: Alger, Bower, Clay, Fox, Grey. 1000's more. Postage appreciated. Ret. 1 Box 240CS, Oroville, California 95965.

PUBLICITY PRINTS

LITHOGRAPHED ON HEAVY GLOSS STOCK
BLACK & WHITE 8x10's
500 - \$32.00 1000 - \$47.50
ALSO COLOR—SEND FOR SAMPLES
ABC PICTURES
1867 E. FLORIDA ST.
SPRINGFIELD, MO. 65803



Musicians' Exchange

As a special service to musicians, **CountryStyle** is accepting **FREE** classified ads in the next few issues for the new Musicians' Exchange section. If you're a musician looking for a band or trying to find the right person to complete your own group, let other musicians know through Musicians' Exchange, c/o **CountryStyle**, 11058 W. Addison, Franklin Park, IL 60131.

BASS PLAYER NEEDED for working bluegrass band. We have gigs. Tall and skinny? Short and fat? Man, woman or beast we need you. (312) 248-9255.

FEMALE VOCALIST NEEDED to form duo. Planning on soft country-rock, etc., and getting lots of jobs. Dave. (312) 392-9717.

FLEXIBLE, ESTABLISHED COUNTRY band needs bass player. Must be able to sing harmony as well as a few leads. Gary. (312) 234-1684.

TWO GUITARISTS INTO FOLK, bluegrass and country music looking for fiddle, banjo and/or bass players. Female musicians welcome. Art — (312) 674-6349 days or John (312) 327-9346 evenings.

"HOW TO MAKE MONEY as a Musician," mountains of information on bandleading, booking, promoting—little-known methods to operate fantastic cash business! Complete manual: \$10. Kerns Associates, 7249 Fairbrook, Dept. CS, Baltimore, MD 21207.

MUSICIANS WANTED to make joyful noise, money too. Jon Roman, (312) 539-4157.

Interest To All

POCKET METRIC CONVERTER Gallons to liters, feet to meters, etc. only 50 cents. V.S.P., 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, IL. 60131.

MAKING LOVE, not sex equals happiness. Read my personal report \$3.00. MW Reports, Box 5086, Dept. CS, North University Station, Fargo, ND 58102.

LONELY? Club for ladies — gentlemen. Send stamp. Michelle, Dept. CS, Box 324, Ontario, Calif. 91761.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Macrame plant hangers. \$6.50. Surprise Gift first twenty customers. Write: Haj, Dept. CS, Box 20433, Sacramento, CA 95820.

"KNEADLESS" Beer Bread. Delicious-easy to make for real treat send \$1.00 and SASE to KBB, P.O. Box 245, Northridge, CA. 91324.

WILD WEST POSTERS. (Deluxe) Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Black Bart, Jesse James, Others. Free circular. Hart Graphics, 50 Ringold St., Dept. CS, San Francisco, Calif. 94103.

WANT FRIENDSHIP "True D.J. tape Friendship." Stamp Appreciated. "Country Tape Friendship," P.O. Box 672, De Bary, Florida 32713.

FREE LUCKY CHARM with reading. Mother Mary heard the call from God to help you. Send \$5 with your problem to: 1298 Stewart Ave., Atlanta, GA 30310 or call (404) 752-7743.

TATTOOING SUPPLIES — World's Finest Tattooing Equipment. Designs, inks, needles, machines, Tattoo "77" and Tattoo Artist T-shirts and tank tops. New 40 page color catalog, \$3.00. Our gear is like country music—it's first class. SPAULDING & ROGERS MFG., INC., Dept. CS, Rt. 85, New Scotland Road, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

Money Making Opportunities

HOMEWORKERS NEEDED. \$30 per 100 stuffing envelopes. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Futrex Enterprises, Dept. CS, Box 77853, L.A. Calif. 90007.

MONEY MAKING PUBLICATION—Best Seller About making money. Mail \$2.00 to Systems, P.O. Box 12239, Lansing, Michigan 48901.

\$500.00 WEEKLY! IMMEDIATE GUARANTEED home income stuffing envelopes. FREE supplies! Interested? Send 25 cents, stamped envelope. Profits, B725 CS, Belen, N.M. 87002.

POEMS FOR SONGS

• TO BE SET TO MUSIC •
Your Songs or Poems may **EARN MONEY FOR YOU**
Send Poems or Songs for **FREE EXAMINATION**

Columbine Records Dept. CS
1611 N. Cherokee, Hollywood, CA 90028

Money Making Opportunities

"\$300.00 WEEKLY!" Work one hour daily and live great! Info \$2.00. Ghostwriter, Tiffany Gardens, Box 411, Dept. CS, Hwy. 21 No., Columbia, South Carolina 29203.

TREASURES FROM THE SEA. Huge profits in the exploding Sea Product Market. Distributorships available. Write Wm. Morgan, 111C Kilkare, Mentone, CA 92359.

DO IT YOURSELF. FREE! MONEY MAKERS-MONEYSAVERS catalog. New Bargains in Unusual Books and Products. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Gargiul, 111-15 Sunharbor Drive, Liverpool, New York 13088.

\$300 WEEKLY IN THE MAIL! Easy and interesting work at home. Fantastic program specifically designed to help mail order beginners achieve success. Details, send self-addressed stamped envelope: FREE WORLD, P.O. Box 92742, Dept. CS, Milwaukee, WI. 53202.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME! Mail commission circulars. Stamped, self-addressed envelope plus 25 cents to: FORD, 186 West Dr., Dept. CS, No. Massapequa, N.Y. 11758.

HOW I GOT OUT of my kitchen into MAIL ORDER. Fascinating report \$2.00. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Singer, 3219-C Thorn, Sebastopol, Cal. 95472.

STUFFING ENVELOPES \$800 mo. possible, details: Rush stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Colwell Co., 23132 Locust Ridge Circle, Valencia, CA 91355.

TRAVEL! FOREIGN SHIPS! GOOD PAY! No experience. Men-women. Adventures abroad. Work. Study. Stamped long envelope. GLOBETROTTER, Box 1266-CSB, Kansas City 64141.

Music

ALBUMS AND TAPES — Latest country, rock, soul and jazz. 33 per cent off regular list price. FREE LISTINGS! G.V. Sounds, P.O. BOX 1238CS, Manassas, VA 22110.

SONGWRITERS! PROTECT YOUR SONGS before sending them to others. Inexpensive copyright process, without costly lawyer fees. Send \$2.00 to Copyright, P.O. Box 244, Dept. CS, Thurmont, Md. 21788.

OLDIES BUT GOODIES! C&W and R&R, 50's to 70's. Free record catalog. Write to: Spicer, 818 Acacia Dr., Dept. CS, Burlingame, Calif. 94010.

SPECIAL LIMITED OPPORTUNITY. New, career oriented artists, songwriters. Agency national promotions. Contracts on percentage. Complete information, instructions, \$3.00, refundable. Write Homestead House (W.P. Greer), P.O. Box 23491, Dept. CS, Nashville, TN 37202.

COUNTRY GOSPEL SONGS needed for Record Album. Send Songpoems. Free appraisal. MSR Records, 6331 Hollywood, Room 603, Dept. 5, Hollywood, California. 90028.

Music

SONGWRITERS, EARN MONEY. We record your song or lyric. Release on commercial records, USA-Canada. You earn 20 cents per record sold. Songwriters are earning their first royalties with us. Established and reliable. Send songs-lyrics, Rebound Records, Dept. CS, Terrenceville, Nfld, Canada.

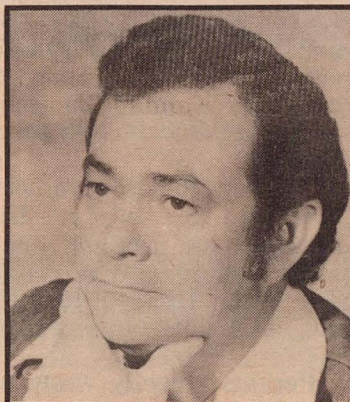
PROTECT SONGS — COPYRIGHT! Necessary leadsheets made from cassettes — include lyrics, (chords helpful), \$13.00. THE LAST VERSE, Box 8603, Dept. CS, Orlando, FL 32806.

MUSIC CITY SONGCRAFTERS urgently needs poems for musical setting. Get the famous Nashville Sound. Satisfied customers for more than twenty years. Send poems to: 6145 Acklen Station, Studio S, Dept. CS, Nashville, Tenn. 37212.

RECORD LISTS — Wanted; Record Collectors. 45's, LP's & 78's of the '50's and 60's. Country, rockabilly, rock, pop, etc. Send for free lists. Midwest Rare Records, P.O. Box 335, Dept. CS, Charleston, Ill. 61920.

LEARN TO SING AT HOME. Easy. Inexpensive. Guaranteed. SINGER, 3219-C Thorn, Sebastopol, Cal. 95472.

RECORD RATERS WANTED NO EXPERIENCE required. Each month receive national albums to rate. There is no extra charge for the albums. You pay a small membership fee which covers all costs. Build your album collection in return for opinion. First come basis. For application write EARS, Dept. C, Box 10245, 5521 Center Milwaukee, WI 53210.



AL MACK

A great name and great show
For bookings:
Music Makers Talent
26 Music Sq. E.
Nashville, Tn. 37203

Music

SONGWRITERS' AGENT — Top Nashville publishers will listen when I present your songs. Write: C.F. Davis, P.O. Box 22976, Dept. CS, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

GUITARISTS! Strings, accessories, everything you need cheap! Free discount catalog. Guitar Clinic, Dept. ST-1, 20 Lawnridge Ave., Albany, NY 12208.

LEAD SHEETS from your tape. Confidential, Reasonable, Professional. Done within 48 hrs. For details: LEAD SHEETS SC, 89 Depot Rd., Falmouth, Maine 04105.

MAKE IT AS A SINGER! Valuable references. Details 25 cents. Singer, 3219-C Thorn, Sebastopol, California 95472.

SONGWRITERS—turn songs and lyrics into cash the right way with inside writing techniques the professionals use. The Nashville Music Industry presents the instructional, educational album, "Write Songs and Get Rich". Make this your wisest investment. Available through mail order only. \$10.00 check or money order. Mail order to the Nashville Music Industry, Dept. CSM, P.O. Box 23410, Nashville, TN 37202.

Nashville Calling!

ARTISTS OF THE MONTH



Ben Cody

Doug Taylor

Listen for their latest releases.

Record in Music City, U.S.A.

with the same musicians that the *Stars* use. Producers that had *hit* songs recorded by many of the top artists. If you want a chance to have a *hit record*, and you have *talent* and financial backing, contact:

Arthur Thomas.
Magnum Gold Productions
26 - B Music Square East
Nashville, Tennessee 37203
Phone (615) 254-5074 or 244-4127

Special Introductory Rate . . . A half-a-buck a word to introduce you to CountryStyle® Classified

—the inexpensive way to reach the general reader with only a casual interest in country music as well as the avid fan. To introduce advertisers to **CountryStyle Classified**, we've set up a special "half-a-buck a word" introductory rate (regular rate 75¢ a word). You can run up to four consecutive insertions (same copy) of your ad at the special "buy 3, get the 4th one free" discount. All ads for **CountryStyle** subject to publisher's acceptance. Rush your ad to us right now, and it will appear in the next issue of **CountryStyle**.

Use this order form or mail on your own letterhead.

CountryStyle Classified Order Form

This special introductory discount is good for up to 4 consecutive insertions only. 50 cents per word; minimum 20 words. Please pay in advance. **CountryStyle** sets first 2 or 3 words in capital letters and will ad your specific heading where space permits. Otherwise we will fit in where appropriate. All orders must be accompanied by a sample or description of your product or service. Send your ad and remittance to **CountryStyle Classified**; 11058 W. Addison St., Franklin Park, IL 60131.

Here's copy for my ad:

Heading: _____

Number of insertions **1 2 3 4** (Buy 3, get the 4th free)
Circle

Amount enclosed: \$ _____

Start with _____ (month)
Payment must accompany order.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Thinking Man's Ear To The World

Shortwave An Alternative To CB Chatter

Fed up with the "bucket-mouths" on the CB radio, bored by the predictably routine chatter over the police and fire department monitor radio?

Mr. John Q. Public, meet the shortwave radio, the thinking man's ear to the world.

Over the shortwave system, admittedly more sophisticated than the CB but worth the investment, it is relatively simple to stumble upon Radio Cairo, fiesta music from Radio Nacional do Brasilia (Brazil), Alpine yodels from the Swiss

Broadcasting corporation or President Idi Amin making his latest pronouncement.

For the politics nut, it is interesting to compare versions of the same story between Radio Cairo and the Israel Broadcasting Authority. Regular listeners say it has been interesting to follow the softening of the Chinese anti-U.S. stance by listening to Radio Peking.

Sports fans will be interested in the "clear" channels, frequencies occupied by one AM radio station at night, which can bring the hometown team

home for the evening game. Hockey fans can listen to games played by Atlanta (WSB-750 khz), Boston (WBZ-1030), Chicago (WMAQ-670), Minnesota (WCCO-830), New York (WNEW-1130), St. Louis (KMOX-1120) and Washington (WTOP-1500).

Spy stories your bag? Catch the U.S. Secret Service communications with Air Force One. Or maybe NASA

and the space program? Many a shortwave operator will attest to the sometimes-salty language of the broadcasts that precede the "live from the ship" network broadcasts of a landing or liftoff.

The shortwave spectrum includes frequencies above the standard 540 to 1,600 kilohertz AM broadcast band. Many governments have

high-powered transmitters that broadcast news, music, editorials and a "mailbag" program. Virtually all of Europe, the Middle East and Far East aim English language signals at North America.

So if you're tired of saying "breaker, breaker," try "bon jour" or "buenas noches" on for size with the thinking man's radio, shortwave.

No Slowing Down For Cliffie Stone

(Continued From Page 31)

talent like Molly B., Tennessee Ernie, Jim Reeves, Johnny Horton, Ferlin Husky, Faron Young and Lefty Frizzell. Many of these artists are associated with Nashville today, but 25 years ago L.A. was the place to be. "In fact," Cliffie says, "Liberace made his first TV appearance on Hometown Jamboree, playing a boogie-woogie."

Restless, with only his TV, radio and live package shows to keep him busy, Cliffie did some theater work, performing at Slapsie Maxie's, Pasadena Playhouse, and in Ken Murray's Blackouts, among his credits. By this time he was heavily into managing the career of Tennessee Ernie Ford, and Ernie was becoming so successful that he took Cliffie's full attentions. He found the burdens of being offstage so much more rigorous than his heavy stage schedule that in 1960 Cliffie retired to his ranch in Canyon County, Calif., even though his work with Tennessee Ernie was earning him more money than he had ever made in his life.

"After about a year I was ready to go again," he remembers. I had this music publishing company, Central Songs, that we'd started in 1954, and we had some great songs in it from writers like Ernie, Buck Owens, Ned Miller and Jack Rhodes." Cliffie and his staff worked this company into one of country music's most suc-

cessful publishing catalogs, with standards like, "He'll Have To Go," "From a Jack to a King" and "Silver Threads and Golden Needles." Capitol Records, looking to acquire some good music copyrights, bought the company, sending Cliffie back into retirement after a few years of running the company for them. But Sam Trust, Western Hemisphere president of the giant ATV Corp., was not about to let him rest, hiring Stone to run ATV's country publishing division. All three of Cliffie's sons followed him into the music business, although he fought it out with oldest son Steve, trying to steer the boy into a safer way of making a living.

Steve Stone is an independent producer on the West Coast, recording artists like Tennessee Ernie Ford and Kenny Seratt. Middle son Curtis has followed his father's footsteps as a bass player, working with the house band at the Palomino Club. Baby Jon has left the nest to work for ATV's Nashville office under the wing of veteran songwriter Charlie Williams.

And Cliffie himself is far from done. New on the market is the Sons of the Pioneers' newest album, produced by Mr. Stone, with a followup already on the drawing board. Cliffie Stone's been running through the music business for about 40 years now, and it's too late to ask him to slow down to a walk now.

COUNTRYSTYLE

T-SHIRTS



These 100% cotton T-shirts make great gifts for special friends and also for you!

Special Offer

Regular \$6⁹⁵
T-Shirts,
ONLY \$3⁹⁹

Hurry, Supply Is Limited

CountryStyle T-SHIRTS

11058 W. Addison Street, Franklin Park, Illinois 60131

Indicate number of each
Small ☐ Med. ☐ Lge ☐ X-Lge ☐

Please enclose check (payable to CountryStyle) or money order.
Add \$1.00 for mailing and handling charges. Sorry, no C.O.D.s.

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

Print clearly. Rates apply to U.S. only. Illinois residents add 5% sales tax. Canadians send U.S. money order.



Visions of the "new" Old West and riverboat gambling keep Mary McCaslin and Jim Ringer living out of a Dodge van. Popular on both coasts, they are striving to bring their inventive brand of folk to the people inbetween.

On The Road With Ringer And McCaslin

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—The wet, dismal New England day seemed like a good time for indulging in dreams. Mary McCaslin and Jim Ringer, sipping wakeup coffees in another faceless motel, have logged over a million miles together in five years and have earned the right to dream of a sun-baked home in the Arizona desert—complete, of course, with their own horses.

"What it comes down to is that I've always wanted a horse," says the slender Mary, whose ballads offer nostalgic peeks at trail-riding cowboys of the Old West. "If my parents had gotten me a horse when I was a kid as they should have. . . ."

"Then you'd probably be over it by now," interrupts Ringer, smiling from under still-groggy eyes.

"Maybe we could get a bigger van and put him in the back," he says. "And then when we went into a motel we could have a horse sleeping with us, also."

That would make quite a menagerie, for already they have Otis, who must be one of the only traveling bassett hounds in the business.

"We carry three guitars, a 'Mr. Coffee' machine, a typewriter and Otis," explains McCaslin. "He's a perfect dog for traveling, and sleeps on motel beds or on a green mat in our Dodge van. He thinks he's a person."

Otis has been along for three years, during which his owners have moved into the premier ranks of the folk-country movement. Each has two solo albums and plan a duet LP this fall on the Philo label.

McCaslin, 30, was born in Indianapolis but raised in Los Angeles. "I actually thought there'd be cowboys, Indians and wide-open spaces when we moved out there," she recalls.

Her fragile themes of escape are offset in concert by Ringer's husky, worldly-wise, Jack Daniel's-toting image. Hailing from Arkansas, the 41-year-old Ringer mixes country standards like Roy Acuff's "Streamline Cannonball" and Lefty Frizzell's "Saginaw, Michigan" with originals leaning to a progressive country style. On his last album, "Any Old Wind That Blows," he used David Bromberg's band as backup.

"But we insist on equal billing," Ringer notes. "Even if someone wants Mary, they have to put my name up there just as big as hers and vice-versa."

"We've been almost constantly on the road since 1972," adds McCaslin, admitting they don't have a real home or apartment. "It's gotten much better, though. For the first two years we never stayed in motels. We were always sleeping on somebody's floor, in the back of the car (they owned a Pinto station wagon then) and we still never made any money. You figure if you have to drive 300 miles and only made \$50 or \$75, then you have to drive 300 miles somewhere else to maybe make \$100, you're not going to have much at the end of it. Just enough for food, gas and once in a while bluejeans to replace the ones that have holes in them."

Page 46—Country Style

Hank Williams Jr.—He's

(Continued From Page 48)

groupies who swarm around a successful entertainer and bleed him white aren't getting their suckers into Hank Williams, Jr.

To hell with Nashville!

The most revered name in country music will no longer have anything to do with country music's mecca. Old Hank's boy has had enough.

"I'm gonna quit singin' all them sad songs

'Cause I can't stand the pain

The life I sing about now

And the one I live is the same..."

Hank would probably have been a country star even if his name weren't Hank Williams. He is, in a word, talented. He plays guitar, piano, dobro, fiddle, harmonica, bass, and five-string banjo—plus almost anything else that happens to fall into his hands. His musical appetites are voracious, and he devours huge helpings of country, rock, blues, and boogie along with a few bites of classical and bluegrass—all in one evening. Hank's songwriting abilities have grown increasingly sophisticated. He's at least equal to and, in many cases, better than a whole slew of Nashville tunesmiths.

Hank did inherit the most famous name in country music—perhaps the most enduring name American music has ever produced. Old Hank is as much a part of American folklore as Billy the Kid, as deeply entrenched in the collective unconscious as the prostitute with the heart of gold.

Hank Williams Sr. began with nothing, but in six short years he changed country music from a quaint Appalachian anomaly into a national pastime, riding such tunes as "Your Cheatin' Heart," and "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," from stardom to legend. Then, on New Year's Day, 1953—while his song "I'll Never Get Out of This World Alive" was climbing up the national charts—Hank was gone.

He died in the back seat of a Cadillac en route to a performance. His friends thought he was sleeping. Stopped at a

gas station in Oakhill, West Virginia, they tried to wake him and discovered he was dead. Most people agree that the heart attack that killed him at the age of 29 was brought on by the excessive doses of pills and liquor that he used to keep himself going—he was the victim of his own unerring rush toward destruction.

Twenty-three years later, fans still file past the towering marble monument in Oakwood Cemetery Annex, Montgomery, Ala., and pause a few moments in silence with their legend.

It was natural that Hank Williams Jr., three years old at the time of his daddy's death, would have a silver guitar thrust into his hands at the earliest possible moment, living proof, as his record-company biography puts it, that musical genius can be passed from generation to generation.

"When I sing them old songs of Daddy's

Seems like every one comes true

Lord, please help me

Do I have to be

The living proof...."

Old Hank stares down from a huge oil painting, aloof and impenetrable, while Hank and I discuss guns, mutual friends, hunting, anything but what I came to discuss. The Colt, reloaded, rests on the counter amid a pile of Smith and Wessons and just about every other kind of firearm you can possibly think of. Hank's A-frame house could easily be mistaken for a well-stocked gun store. There are about 250 pieces of various sizes, shapes, and calibers hanging from racks, leaning against the wall, and taking up every available space. Some, in fact, are still in unopened factory boxes.

Finally, the interview—his first since the accident—grumbles to a start. "Was there ever a doubt," I ask, "that Hank Williams Jr. was going to be the living proof?" Hank laughs.

"Well, damn it, I'm afraid not," he says, sinking into the overstuffed couch in his den that overlooks the little reservoir. "It's a great place to go skinny-dipping," Hank

adds, nodding toward the water.

"Was there any chance at all?" I persist in asking.

"There you are. You put your finger on it. No, there was no chance," he laughs. Now it's funny. A few months ago, it was more like an impacted wisdom tooth. "No, I was born right in it. You know, when I was growing up, there were some super people over at the house. Perry Como would be there. Fats Domino would be there. Jerry Lee Lewis, Charlie Rich, Al Hirt—I was around them all the time. I dunno; I got to be a regular show-off, I guess."

"Besides," he adds, the Williams grin lighting up, "the situation was not without its inherent advantages. You should have seen me," he says, cracking up with laughter. "Every time I would walk out onstage, people would say, 'He'll walk out there, and they'll go crazy because he's who he is. He can do anything and get an ovation.' And it was true."

So, at the age of 8, when most kids are trying to figure out how to stay out of school, Hank Williams was on the circuit. He made his first appearance on the Ed Sullivan show at 14 and recorded an album with Connie Francis at 15. Living proof.

The road wasn't without its troubles for a kid: "I had to go to Germany one time when I was about fifteen years old to play a USO club," Hank says, chuckling. "A certain girl hadn't done a certain thing that she should have done. And, uh, nature's way . . . and I prayed. I was going to be gone for two months, and I did some heavy praying."

"Why, just the other night after the show

An old drunk came up to me

He said you ain't as good as your daddy, boy

And you never will be...."

"Yeah, it was fun at the time," Hank is saying. The laughter is gone, and he looks much older than his 26 years. "When you get up around 17 or 18, it can start getting cruel. You know: 'I knew your daddy, and he did this and he did that. Why don't you do it? Why, my God, he'd have done it if he was here!'"

The past refused to rest, and it finally found more insidious ways to worm itself into Hank's career. No sooner had Hank Williams Jr., the singer and songwriter, begun to make some waves on his own than his personal life began crumbling

T'd been off for a pretty good while, and, boy, I really wanted off bad. I did... uh... like OD right here,' Hank Williams Jr. confesses.

Not Quite Following In His Dad's Footsteps

around the edges. His marriage hit the rocks with a vengeance. His management in Nashville was becoming more and more of a heavy albatross, concerned with perpetuating and packaging the Hank Williams myth instead of Hank Williams Jr. Even the touring—up to 230 days a year cruising the country in his bus, the “Cheatin’ Heart Special”—became a god-awful chore, and Hank began taking out his frustrations on his audiences. The whispers began backstage that maybe there was a devil in these Williamses that pushed them to self-destruction, and that Hank Jr. was heading for the same cold, dead end his daddy had rushed down. The whispers were dead right.

“There’s a little devil and a little fire in there when you get to the beer joint and hear the amps going and the glasses tinkling and the girls”—he leans back in the couch and surrenders to the grin—“the girls drifting in the breeze.”

He’s silent for a moment, and the grin fades to an embarrassed smile.

“I’d been off for a pretty good while, and, boy, I really wanted off bad. I did...uh...like an OD right here,” he confesses quietly. “Sleeping pills...Darvon. Then I went off to the hospital in Nashville, and they put me in there for a while. I did a lot of thinking, and I decided I was going to do this music for my own enjoyment. When it started getting to that stage, when it wasn’t fun anymore, I’d take it out on them (the audience). I would crank it up wide open, and you can destroy yourself very easily that way.”

It’s almost a living thing, the urge for self-destruction. “It gets hold of you, and it won’t let go,” Hank claims. “There’s so many that gave in; so many legends that didn’t make it.”

“It’s too much at once,” he says. “Daddy’s was too much at once. He went from a one-room log cabin and selling peanuts to...well, it was only about a seven-year career, really. Sometimes he didn’t want to be in Wichita Falls, Texas, or Baltimore, Md. He wanted to be out hunting squirrel.”

“Then a young girl in old blue jeans

Says ‘I’m your biggest fan’

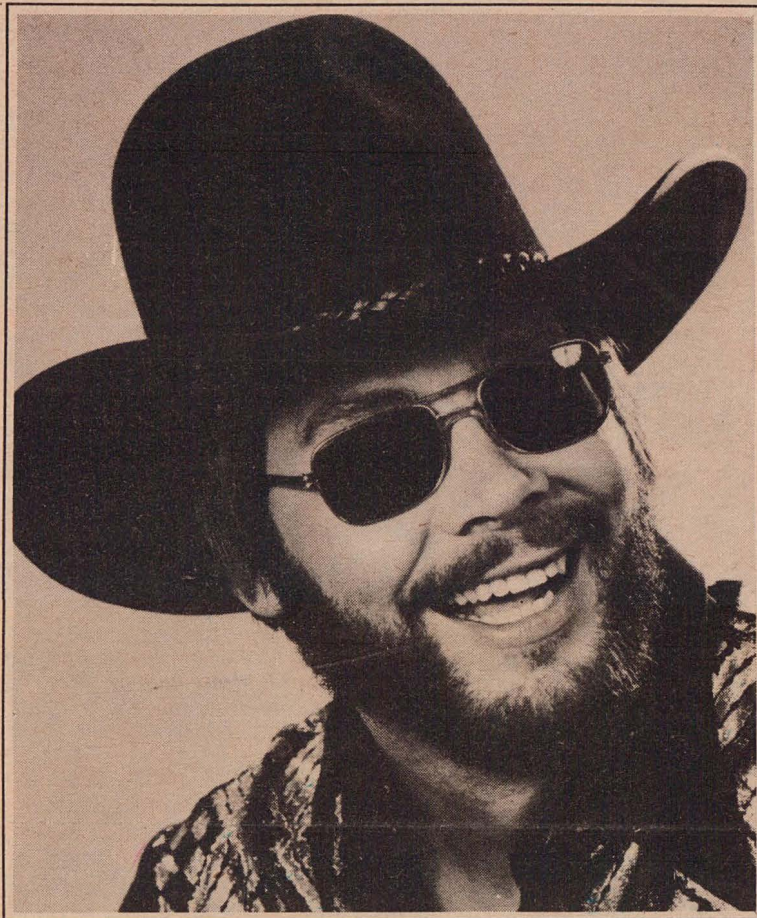
It’s a good thing I was born Gemini

‘Cause I’m livin’ for more than man....”

So, Hank Jr. quit the road and headed back to Alabama,

to the sleepy little town of Cullman and the A-frame house set back in the pinewoods. He brooded and walked and shot and hunted; then he gathered a few friends and headed for the recording studios of Muscle Shoals,

Williams Jr. exploded to the forefront of the “progressive” country movement. The Toy Caldwell composed “Can’t You See”—virtually an anthem for Southern rock freaks—leaped onto the charts. The album was devastatingly



Hank Williams Jr.

Ala., to put together the first album of his new career. He chose Muscle Shoals, with its funkier rock-n-roll pickers, over Nashville and its placid country music establishment. Hank had a good idea of what he wanted to do, and Charlie Rich’s slick sound and Chet Atkins’s strings didn’t have anything to do with it.

Hank’s choice of friends also started tongues wagging: rock ‘n’ rollers!

Toy Caldwell, the firebrand lead guitarist from the Marshall Tucker Band, whose Southern funk is thick enough to cut with a knife, joined him in Muscle Shoals. Tennessee fiddler Charlie Daniels, riding his wicked fiddle to a cult following, came along, as well as Chuck Leavell, keyboard wizard with the Allman Brothers Band.

The most revered name in country music and the cream of Southern rock cloistered themselves in an Alabama backwater and emerged a few months later with “Hank Williams, Jr. and Friends”—the surprise album of the year. Virtually overnight, Hank

effective, from a superb series of Hank Williams Jr. ballads and the painfully beautiful “Oh Susan’s Floor,” written by one of Nashville’s most outstanding and unrecognized talents, Vince Matthews, right down to the Toy Caldwell rockers.

And finally, “Living Proof,” the exclamation point at the end of the old Hank Williams Jr.

“Remember Jimmy and Hank and Johnny

They were in the summer of life
When you called them away, Lord
I don’t want to pay that price

Don’t let my son ever touch a guitar

Make him never sing the blues

Let him be free

Don’t make him be

More living proof....”

Hank’s life is neatly divided into two segments: before the fall and after the fall. The pivotal point is Aug. 8, 1975, when his foot slipped on a patch of ice high in the Montana Rockies. A few seconds later, he came to a stop 500 feet below. He landed on his face.

“By golly, the Lord spared me there. I had my brains in

my hands, literally. My face was just about gone, and now everything is going to be all right after all,” Hank says incredulously. “I had almost no vision in my right eye—why did this come back? Why can I still shoot anything?” He points at the Colt. “Why can I still play the same?”

He’s done a lot of meditating, and there were just too many “ifs” involved—too many things that just fell into place to keep Hank Williams Jr. from dying on that cold mountainside. As suddenly as it had come to dominate his life, the urge for self-destruction was gone.

“Some of the other magazines have written that since father died when I was young, and mother died, and I had so much tragedy going on that I had a Williams pall over me. Boy, I just don’t go for that at all,” he says.

“You don’t strike me as being overly fatalistic,” I reply.

“But I was, you see, I was. All that had been pounded into me for 26 years. ‘Yeah, you probably won’t live long’—all that crap—‘you’re just like your daddy, living too fast. Poor this and poor that’—to hell with that. Not anymore. I guess it’s just made me mule-headed or something, but I sure do enjoy life a lot more.”

We sit for a few minutes and stare out over the little lake, watching a couple of crows working their way through the crystal-clear Alabama sky. “The music business,” he begins again, “is changing. There’s a whole new audience out there who don’t give a damn about labels. Maybe five years ago they were dropping acid and listening to Hot Tuna, but today they’re listening to Linda Ronstadt and Marshall Tucker and, hopefully, Hank Williams Jr. Call it country, call it country rock, call it mountain mambo—they’re still listening.

“Nashville,” he says, “is too fat and happy for its own good—stagnant, you understand. Too many generals and not enough soldiers.” He’s even considering leaving his record company—MGM—to look for greener pastures away from Music City.

“I don’t want to be a legend
I just want to be a man

But Lord you know sometimes
I needed a helping hand.

It ain’t been so easy lately
I’ve had to go it all alone
But I’ve always had anything I
wanted
Except a home....”

Hank Williams Jr. doesn’t call himself a country music singer anymore. You can, he states flatly, call him a Southern rocker or a hillbilly or whatever you damned well please. Since he managed to make it back to Alabama from near death in Montana, enjoying life and doing the work he wants the way he wants means more than some category the media might stick him into.

“I’m working all I can,” he drawls. “I saw some real big artists, some of my biggest favorites, playing places in Vegas. There’d be 20 or 30 people in the lounge. Hell, I’ll never do that. No way. My heart poured out for them. One of them was just about the biggest country star from 1955 to 1963, and I couldn’t believe seeing him up there like that.”

“You mentioned that in one of your songs,” I interject, “something about living in fear of the later years when nobody wants you around.”

“That’s right,” he laughs. “Just got to keep on pickin’.” We were laughing about that song when we made it, but it really tells the truth. You want to see the rest of the house?”

I nod, and we start wandering from room to room. In addition to the guns, the house is packed with mounted trophies from numerous hunting trips around the world.

In the living room, next to a stuffed grizzly bear, is Hank Sr.’s piano—a country music icon if there ever was one.

“What I’m doing right now,” Hank says, going to the instrument, “is working up an arrangement of Eric Carmen’s ‘All By Myself.’ That’s the sheet music on the piano.”

Sure enough, on Old Hank’s piano is the sheet music to a rock ‘n’ roll song right off top 40 radio.

“Just me and the woods, the dogs, the guns, the girls, and the guitars,” he says. “I just kind of slowed down and said, ‘Hey, Hank, you’re gonna do what you want to do,’ I really did.”

‘Call it country, call it country rock, call it mountain mambo—they’re still listening,’ Hank notes.

HANK WILLIAMS JR.

Not Exactly Following In Dad's Footsteps

By MICHAEL BANE

A resounding .45-caliber explosion shatters the sleepy Alabama afternoon, sending peals of thunder rolling across a small reservoir and an expended shell casing soaring into the air. Hank Williams Jr. grimaces a little and squints at the crushed hulk of a tin can approximately 25 feet away.

"About a foot low and a few inches to the left," Hank says, easing the brand-new Colt automatic back into position. The woods around his A-frame house rustle in the light wind, and his bear dogs grumble in their kennel, waiting for the next shot. The Colt speaks again, then again. Within seconds, six more shells are following a graceful arc to the damp pine needles as the crumpled tin can dances with each hit.

"Not bad," he says with a Hank Williams grin that approaches demonic proportions. "Not too bad for a new gun."

New guns aren't the only things Hank Williams Jr. is grinning about these days. For a start, he's still alive. That was less than an even bet one year ago when a U.S. Government helicopter airlifted his shattered body from the Montana Continental Divide where he had fallen 500 feet—straight down. He's already eager to hit the road and resume a country music career that seemed, for a few terribly long months, as doomed as that of his famous father, Hank Williams.

The mention of that renewed career is guaranteed to send another grin flashing across his lean face. There was plenty of time to think, waiting while the best plastic surgeons in the country labored to put him together again, and he's made a definite decision: This time around, the Music City shysters and big executive

(Continued On Page 46)

(All lyrics "Living Proof" copyright 1975 Bocephus Music BMI)

Reprinted courtesy of "Hustler" Magazine.

